

THE
DOUBLE GALLANT:
OR, THE
Sick Lady's Cure.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre in DUBLIN.

Written by MR. CIBBER.



DUBLIN:
Printed for J. HYDE, R. GUNNE, R. OWEN,
E. DOBSON, and P. DUGAN, 1725.

1776

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T H E P R O L O G U E.

Cou'd Those, who never Try'd, conceive the Sweat,
The Toil requir'd, to make a Play complete ;
They'd Pardon, or Encourage all that cou'd
Pretend to be but tolerably Good.

Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in One,
And yet without 'em all,——all's lamely done :

One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints ;
A Third designs you well, but Genius wants ;
A Fourth begins with Fire — but ah ! too weak to hold
it faints.

A Modern Bard, who late adorn'd the Bays,
Whose Muse advanc'd his Fame to Envy'd Praise,
Was still observ'd to want his Judgment most in Plays.

Those, he too often found, requir'd the Pain,
And stronger Forces of a vig'rous Brain :

Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old Houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they're ended ;

At least our Author finds the Experience true,
For equal Pains had made this wholly new :

And tho' the Name seems old, the Scenes will show,
That 'tis, in Fact, no more the same than now,
Fam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some Years ago.

Pardon the Boldness, that a Play shou'd dare,
With Works of so much Wonder to compare :

But as that Fabrick's ancient Walls, or Wood,
Were little worth, to make this New One good ;
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.

For, tho' from former Scenes some Hints he draws,
The Ground-Plot's wholly chang'd from what it was :

Not, but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In Plot, in Persons, Wit, and Humour too :

Yet what's not his, he owns in other's Right,
Nor toils he now for Fame, but your Delight.

If that's attain'd, what's matter whose the Play's,
Applaud the Scenes, and strip him of the Praise.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

Sir Solomon Sadlife,	Mr. <i>Vanderbank.</i>
Clerimont,	Mr. <i>Watson.</i>
Careless,	Mr. <i>R. Elrington.</i>
Atall,	Mr. <i>Giffard.</i>
Capt. <i>Strut,</i>	Mr. <i>Layfield.</i>
Sir Squabble Splithair,	Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
Saunter,	Mr. <i>F. Elrington.</i>
Old Mr. <i>Wilful,</i>	Mr. <i>Moore.</i>
Sir Harry Atall,	Mr. <i>Alcorn.</i>
Supple,	Mr. <i>Rosco.</i>
Finder.	Mr. <i>Davis.</i>
Dr. <i>Bilster.</i>	
Rhubarb.	

W O M E N.

Lady Dainty.	Mrs. <i>Knapp.</i>
Lady Sadlife,	Mrs. <i>Morreau.</i>
Clarinda,	Mrs. <i>Spiller.</i>
Sylvia,	Mrs. <i>Sterling.</i>
Wishwell,	Mrs. <i>Martin.</i>
Situp,	Mrs. <i>Grace.</i>



THE
DOUBLE GALLANT:
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Sick Lady's Cure.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *the PARK.*

Enter Clerimont and Atall.

Cler.

M

R. Atall, your very humble Servant.

*At. O Clerimont, such an Adventure,
(I was just a going to your Lodgings)
such a transporting Accident; in short,
I am now positively fix'd in Love for*

altogether.

Cler. All the Sex together, I believe.

*At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my
Friend, I am ruin'd past Redemption.*

A 3

Cler.

Dramatis Personæ.

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Clerimont,	Mr. <i>Watson.</i>
Careless,	Mr. <i>R. Elrington.</i>
Atall,	Mr. <i>Giffard.</i>
Capt. Strut,	Mr. <i>Layfield.</i>
Sir Squabble Splithair,	Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
Saunter,	Mr. <i>F. Elrington.</i>
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W O M E N.

Lady <i>Dainty.</i>	Mrs. <i>Knapp.</i>
Lady <i>Sadlife,</i>	Mrs. <i>Morreau.</i>
<i>Clarinda,</i>	Mrs. <i>Spiller.</i>
<i>Sylvia,</i>	Mrs. <i>Sterling.</i>
<i>Wishwell,</i>	Mrs. <i>Martin.</i>
<i>Situp,</i>	Mrs. <i>Grace.</i>



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ACT. I.

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A 3

Cler.

Cler. Dear Sir, if I stand your Friend without believing you, won't that do as well. But why shou'd you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in Love within this Fortnight; and it wou'd be hard indeed to suppose, a Heart of so much Mettle cou'd not hold out a third Engagement.

At. Then to be serious in one Word, I am honourably in Love; and if she proves the Woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate Virtue!

At. Now, will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me: But that I may be the better able to serve you, — all things in order, — pray give me leave first to ask a Question or two: What is this Honourable Lady's Name?

At. Faith I don't know.

Cler. What are her Parents?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. What Fortune has she?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very concise Account of the Person you design to marry. Pray Sir, what is't you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you: Coming yesterday from *Greenwich* by Water, I overtook a pair of Oars; whose lovely Freight was one single Lady, and a Fellow in a handsome Livery in the Stern: When I came up, I had at first resolv'd to use the privilege of the Element, and bait her with Waterman's Wit, till I came to the Bridge: But as soon as she saw me, instead of turning her Head aside, or cramming her Hood in her Mouth to raise my Curiosity, she very prudently prevented my Design; and as I pass'd, bow'd to me with an humble Blush, that spoke at once such Sense, so just a Fear, and Modesty, as put the loosest of my Thoughts to rout. And when she found her Fears had mov'd me into Manners, the cautious Gloom that sat upon her Beauties disappear'd; her sparkling Eyes resum'd their native Fire; she look'd, she smil'd, she talk'd, while her diffusive Charms new fir'd my Heart, and gave my

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my Soul a Softness it never felt before.—To be brief, her Conversation was as charming as her Person, both easie, unconstrain'd, and sprightly: But then her Limbs! O rapturous Thought! The snowy Down upon the Wings of unfledg'd Love, had never half that Softness.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray Sir, how came you so well acquainted with her Limbs?

At. By the most fortunate Misfortune sure that ever was: For as we were shooting the Bridge, her Boat, by the negligence of the Waterman running against the Piles, was over-set; out jumps the Footman to take care of a single Rogue, and down went the poor Lady to the Bottom. My Boat being before her, the Stream drove her, by the help of her Cloaths, towards me; at sight of her I plung'd in, caught her in my Arms, and with much ado, supported her till my Waterman pull'd in to save us. But the charming Difficulty of her getting into the Boat, gave me a Transport that all the wide Water in the *Thames* had not power to cool: For, Sir, while I was giving her a lift into the Boat, I found the floating of her Cloaths had left all her lovely Limbs beneath, as bare as new-born *Venus* rising from the Sea.

Cler. What an impudent Happiness art thou capable of.

At. When she was a little recover'd from her Fright, she began to enquire my Name, Abode, and Circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her Life, and Preservation. Now, to tell you the Truth, I durst not trust her with my real Name, lest she shou'd from thence have discover'd that my Father was now actually under Bonds to marry me to another Woman: so 'Faith, I ev'n told her my Name was *Freeman*, a *Glocestershire* Gentleman, of a good Estate, just come to Town about a *Chancery* Suit. Besides, I was unwilling any Accident shou'd let my Father know of my being yet in *England*, lest he shou'd find me out, and force me to marry the Woman I never saw, for which, you know, he commanded me Home, before I have time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but cou'd you not learn the Lady's Name all this while?

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At. No 'Faith, she was inexorable to all Intreaties; only told me in general Terms, That if what I vow'd to her was sincere, she wou'd give me proof in a few Days, what Hazards she wou'd run to requite my Services; so, after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a Chair, press'd her by the cold Rosy Fingers, kiss'd 'em warm, and parted.

Cler. What! Then you are quite off of the Lady I suppose, that you made an Acquaintance with in the *Park* last Week.

At. No, no; not so neither: One's my *Juno*, all Pride, and Beauty; but this my *Venus*, all Life, Love, and Softness. Now what I beg of thee, dear *Clerimont*, is this: Mrs. *Juno*, as I told you, having done me the honour of a civil Visit or two at my own Lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. *Venus* in: for if the Rival Goddesses shou'd meet, and clash, you know there wou'd be the Devil to do between 'em.

Cler. Well, Sir, my Lodgings are at your Service: but you must be very private and sober, I can tell you; for my Landlady's a *Presbyterian*; if she suspects your Design, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear, I'll be as careful as a guilty Conscience: but I want immediate possession; for I expect to hear from her every moment; and have already directed her to send thither. Prithee, come with me.

Cler. 'Faith, you must excuse me; I expect some Ladies in the *Park*, that I wou'd not miss of for an Empire: But yonder's my Servant, he shall conduct you.

At. Very good! that will do as well then: I'll send my Man along with him, to expect her Commands, and call me if she sends: And in the mean time, I'll ev'n go home to my own Lodgings; for to tell you the Truth, I expect a small Message there from my Goddess Imperial. And I am not so much in Love with my new Bird in the Bush, as to let t'other fly out of my Hand for her.

Cler. And, pray Sir, what Name does your Goddess Imperial (as you call her) know you by?

At. O, Sir, with her I pass for a Man of Arms, and am call'd Col. *Standfast*; with my new Face *John Freeman*

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man of *Fatland-Hall*, Esq; But time flies; I must leave^c you.

Cler. Well, dear *Atall*, I'm yours.——Good Luck to you. [*Ex. At.*] What a happy Fellow is this, that owes his Success with the Women purely to his Inconstancy? What a Blockhead am I, to taint my Inclinations with Virtue, when I have so many daily Examples before my Eyes, of Peoples being ill us'd for their Sincerity? Here comes another too, almost as happy as he, a Fellow that's wise enough to be but half in Love, and makes his whole Life a studied Idleness.

Enter Careless.

Cler. So *Careless*! you're constant, I see, to your Morning's Saunter. Well! how stand's Matters? I hear strange things of thee; that after having rail'd at Marriage all thy Life, thou hast resolv'd to fall into the Noose at last.

Car. I don't see any great Terror in the Noose, (as you call it) when a Man's weary of Liberty: The liberty of playing the Fool when one's turn'd of Thirty is not of much value.

Cler. Hey day! Then you begin to have nothing in your Head now, but Settlements, Children, and the main Chance.

Car. Ev'n so Faith, but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forc'd very often to make my way through Pills, Elixirs, Bolus's, Ptizans, and Gallipots.

Cler. What is your Mistress an Apothecary's Widow?

Car. No, but she is an Apothecary's Shop, and keeps as many Drugs in her Bed-Chamber; she has her Physick for every hour of the Day and Night——for 'tis vulgar, she says, to be a Moment in rude perfect Health. Her Bed is lin'd with Poppies, the Black-Boys at the Feet, that the Healthy employ to bear Flowers in their Arms, she loads with *Discordium*, and other sleepy Potions; her Sweetbags, instead of the common and offensive Smells of Musk and Amber, breath nothing but the more Modish and Salubrious Scents of Hartshorn, Rue, and *Assafortida*.

Cler. Why at this rate she's only fit to be the Consort of *Hippocrates*. But pray what other Charms has this extraordinary Lady?

A 5

Car.

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Car. She has one, *Tom*, that a Man may relish without being so deep a Physician.

Cler. What's that?

Car. Why Two Thousand Pound a Year.

Cler. No vulgar Beauty, I confess, *Str*: But can'st thou for any Consideration throw thy self into this Hospital, this Box of Physick, and lie all Night like Leaf Gold upon a Pill.

Car. O dear Sir, this is not half the Evil; her Humour is as fantastick as her Diet; nothing that's *English* must come near her: All her Delight is in foreign Imperinences: Her Rooms are all of *Japan*, or *Persia*, her Dress *Indian*, and her Equipage are all Monsters: The Coachman came over with his Horses, both from *Russia*, (*Flanders* are too common) the rest of her Trim are a mottly crowd of Blacks, Tawny Olives, Feulamots, and pale Blues: In short she's for any thing that comes from beyond Sea; her greatest Monsters are those of her own Country; and she is in Love with nothing o'this side the Line but the Apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries quotha! why your fine Lady, for ought I see, is a perfect Dose of Folly and Physick; in a Month's time she'll grow like an Antimonial Cup, and a Kiss will be able to work with you.

Car. But to prevent that, *Tom*, I design upon the Wedding-Day to break all her Gallipots, kick the Doctor down Stairs, and force her, instead of Physick, to take an hearty Meal of a swinging Rump of boil'd Beef and Carrots, and so faith I have told her.

Cler. That's something familiar: Are you so near Man and Wife?

Car. O nearer, for I sometimes plague her 'till she hates the sight of me.

Cler. Ha! ha! very good! So being a very troublesome Lover, you pretend to cure her of her Physick by a Counter-Poison.

Car. Right, I intend to see a Doctor to prescribe her an Hour of my Conversation to be taken every Night and Morning; and this to be continued till her Fever of Aversion's over.

Cler. An admirable Recipe.

Car.

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Car. Well, *Tom*, but how stand thy own Affairs? Is *Clarinda* kind yet?

Cler. Faith I can't say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it: For she's grown so ridiculously ill humour'd to me of late, that if she keeps the same Airs a Week longer, I am in hopes to find as much Ease from her Folly, as my *Constancy* wou'd from her good Nature— But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret Rival in the case; for Womens Vanity seldom gives them Courage enough to use an old Lover heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new One, that they intend to use better.

Car. What says *Sir Solomon*, he is your Friend I presume?

Cler. Yes, at least I can make him so when I please; there is an odd five hundred Pound in her Fortune, that he has a great mind shou'd stick to his Fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I'm afraid I must comply with, for she can't easily marry without his Consent. And yet she is so alter'd in her Behaviour of late, that I scarce know what to do—Prithee take a Turn, and Advise me.

Car. With all my Heart.

Exeunt.

*The SCENE changes to Sir Solomon Sad-
life's House.*

Enter Sir Solomon and Supple his Man.

Sir Sol. Supple, dost not thou perceive I put a great Confidence in thee? I trust thee with my Bosom Secrets.

Sup. Yes, Sir.

Sir Sol. Ah *Supple*! I begin to hate my Wife—but be secret.

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, Sir.

Sir Sol. Nay then I'll trust thee further: Between thee and I, *Supple*, I have reason to believe my Wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah! Dear Sir, I doubt that's no Secret; for to say the Truth, my Lady is bitter young and gamefome.

Sir Sol. But can she have the Impudence, think'st thou, to make a Cuckold of a Knight, one that was dubb'd by the Royal Sword?

Sup.

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Sup. Alas! Sir, I warrant sh'as the Courage of a Countess, if she's once provok'd she cares not what she does in her Passion; if you were ten times a Knight she'd give you Dub for Dub, Sir.

Sir Sol. Ah! *Supple*, when her Blood's up, I confess she's the Devil; and I question if the whole Conclave of Cardinals could lay her. But suppose she shou'd resolve to give me a Sample of her Sex, and make me a Cuckold in cool Blood?

Sup. Why if she shou'd, Sir, don't take it so to Heart, Cuckolds are no such Monsters now a-days: In the City you know, Sir, it's so many honest Mens Fortune, that no Body minds it there; and at this end of the Town a Cuckold has as much Respect as his Wife for ought I see: For Gentlemen don't know but it may be their own case another Day, and so People are willing to do as they wou'd be done by.

Sir Sol. And yet I do not think but my Spouse is honest—and think she is not—wou'd I were satisfy'd.

Sup. Troth, Sir, I don't know what to think, but in my Conscience I believe good looking after can do her no harm.

Sir Sol. Right, *Supple*, and in order to it, I'll first demolish her Visiting Days: For how do I know but they may be so many private Clubs for Cuckoldom.

Sup. Ah! Sir, your Worship knows I was always against your coming to this End of the Town.

Sir Sol. Thou wert indeed, my honest *Supple*: But Woman! fair and faithless Woman, worm'd and work'd me to her Wishes; like fond *Mark Anthony* I let my Empire moulder from my Hands, and gave up All for Love: O Fool, to trust thy Honour with a Woman! A Race of Vipers! They were deceivers, *Supple*, from the Beginning. I'll have no Visitors that's determin'd.

Sup. Truly, Sir, I begin to think there's nothing sav'd by them in the Year's end.

Sir Sol. O *Supple*, I run mad when I think on't; every powder'd Wig I meet, is a piece of Ordnance planted against my Honour; the rattling of a fine Chariot gives me the Spleen, and my very Soul's set an Edge at the Squeak of a Fiddle.

Sup.

Sup. And what's more provoking, Sir, the abominable Rogues always pitch upon this side the Park for their Mulick and Intrigues.

Sir Sol. Dogs! Villains! Monsters! Zbud! I've been in a Sweat ever since I liv'd here——twice or thrice a Week all the Cuckold-makers in Town rendezvous under my Window. Insupportable——I must have a young Wife with a murrain to me——I hate her too——and yet the Devil on't is, I'm still jealous of her——stay! let me reckon up all the fashionable Virtues she has that can make a Man happy. In the first place——I think her very ugly——

Sup. Ah! that's because you are marry'd to her, Sir.

Sir Sol. As for her Expences, no Arithmetick can reach 'em; she's always longing for something that's dear and useless; she will certainly ruin me in China, Silks, Ribbons, Fans, Laces, Perfumes, Washes, Powder, Patches, Jessamin Gloves, and Ratafia.

Sup. Ah! Sir, that's a cruel Liquor with 'em.

Sir Sol. To sum up all wou'd run me mad——The only way to put a stop to her Career, must be to put off my Coach, turn away her Chairmen, lock out her *Swiss* Porter, bar up Doors, keep out all Visitors, and then she'll be less expensive.

Sup. Ay, Sir, for few Women think it worth their while to dress for their Husbands.

Sir Sol. Then we shan't be plagu'd with my old Lady *Tittletattle's* Howd'y's in a Morning, nor my Lady *Dainty's* Spleen, or the sudden Indisposition of that grim Beast her horrible *Dutch* Mastiff.

Sup. No, Sir, nor the Impertinence of that great fat Creature my Lady *Swill-Tea*.

Sir Sol. And her squinting Daughter. No, no: Let the Tide run somewhere else; I am resolv'd to know the Happiness of living in Silence, without the Din of a Visiting-day, spent in a continual Jargon of Impertinence, of this pretty Lace, and that pretty Ribbon; this News of the Ring, and that of the Circle; this Party for *Plays*, and t'other for *Eunuch's* and *Opera's*, one laughs in *Gamut*, another sneezes in *Elami Alt*; And Hey! all their
Clacks

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Clacks go together with a *Babel* of Sounds, till their Scandal and Fashions are all run over; and then, to the Peace of the Neighbourhood, they part with the same Impertinence they enter'd.——No, *Supple*, after this Night, nothing in Petticoats shall come within ten Yards of my Doors.

Sup. Nor in Breeches neither?

Sir Sol. Only Mr. *Clerimont*; for I expect him to sign Articles with me for the Five hundred Pound he is to give me, for that ungovernable Jade, my Niece, *Clarinda*.
[*Aside.*] Ha! see, who's that? [*Knocking.*]

Sup. O, Sir, 'tis the three strange Suitors that wou'd marry Madam *Clarinda*.

Sir Sol. Let 'em come in: I'll divert my self by laughing at them a little, and then send 'em about their Business, like Fools, as they came.

Re-enter Supple, with Capt. Strut, Sir Squabble Split-hair, and Saunter.

Sir Sol. Well, Gentlemen, your Business with me, I understand, is much the same; my Consent to your marrying my Kinswoman: I shou'd be glad if any of you brings Pretences that I like; and so, if you please, Gentlemen,——one after another; and when I have heard you all, I'll give you my Answer:——And in the first place, what are you, Sir?

Capt. I. Sir, am—a Man of Honour.

Sir Sol. Pray, Sir, what's that, a Lord?

Capt. No. Sir, one that scorns to take the Lie, or pay Debts.

Sir Sol. Humh' that's pretty near the Matter,——an extraordinary Person. Where do you live, Sir?

Capt. Why, here,——and there, Sir: I'm a Man of a frank Nature, and am always at home.

Sir Sol. Where do you sleep a-nights?

Capt. No where! I sit up every Night at the Tavern; and, in the Morning,——lie rough in the *Round-House*.

Sir Sol. Pray, Sir, how do you spend your Time when you are out of a Tavern?

Capt. I play *Crimp Matches* at Tennis, Bowls, and Piquet; and get in desperate Debts for young Fellows that dare not fight for themselves. Sir

Sir Sol. Are you never run through the Body?

Capt. Often, Sir; yet I fear nothing but a *Bailiff*, or a *Court-Marshal*.—Sir, I kiss every Woman that smiles, and kick every Man that frowns upon me: for I take both to my self, whether they meant me, or not.

Sir Sol. How, Sir! strike before you know whether you are affronted or not? I thought you were a Man of Honour.

Capt. So I am, Sir, and wou'd not have it stain'd—in quarrelling. Delays look scurvily: First Blows are best. When a Man looks angry upon me, and says any thing I don't understand, I knock him down; and then 'tis no Matter whether I understand him or no.—Shall a Rascal because he has read Books, talk pertly to me?

Sir Sol. Why, Sir, are not your Men of Honour given to Learning?

Capt. Those that think it worth their while, are; but we generally leave that to the Chaplain, and the Chaplain sometimes leaves it to the Agent.—Our Disputes need but little reading; Blows, Blood, and Wounds, are Soldiers Arguments, Sir.

Sir Sol. Nay, Sir, I sha'n't dispute with you.—But pray, Sir, what can you settle upon my Kinswoman?

Capt. My Glory, and my Sword.

Sir Sol. A Jointure of vast Honour, I must confess. Pray, Sir, where may your Glory lie?

Capt. In the *Gazette*.

Sir Sol. And your Sword,—the Silver-hilted one, I mean.

Capt. At the *Pawn-Brokers*.

Sir Sol. And pray, Sir, why wou'd you marry?

Capt. Sir, I owe above Fifteen hundred Pound; beside, I have a mind to leave off Whoring, and keep a fresh Girl to my self.

Sir Sol. Hah! a very sober Principle, truly. Well, Sir, since I know your Pretences, will you give me leave to talk with the other Gentlemen.—Pray, Sir, what are you?

Sir Squ. I, Sir, am none of your Skip-jacks, no spend-thrift Courtier, nor beggarly Soldier, but a solid substantial Man, with a thinking Head, and a prudent Conscience; that have liv'd these twenty Years in St. Magnus's Parish, have lent my Money to the Government, and owe none of my Neighbours a Shilling.

Sir Sol.

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Sir Sol. Pray, Sir, what may be your Name?

Sir Squ. My Name, Sir, is Sir Squabble Splithair, Knight, and Citizen of London.

Sir Sol. And what may be your Profession, Sir.

Sir Squ. Sir, I profess:—roth, I can hardly tell you what I profess; but turning of Money is my chief Business. Sir, I'll make a Bargain with any Man in the City, and defy him to out-wit me—I have been too sharp for every Body I have dealt with, and have got a plentiful Estate by other Peoples Folly, and my own Industry. Beside, I am a Member of the Old *East India* Company; and no Man alive will ever be able to tell what I'm worth.

Sir Sol. Very likely, Sir.

Sir Squ. Sir, I live soberly, and mind the main chance: I never spend an idle Penny out of *Robin's*, or *Garraway's* Coffee-house: I Dine for a Groat at the Chop-house: I sell by a short Yard, and bring in a long Bill.

Sir Sol. Hah! you are rich, no doubt, Sir;

Sir Squ. Then, Sir, I am a severe Persecutor of ill Women, and never let any of 'em 'scape the Beadle's Correction, without a valuable Consideration.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, you're much in the right, Sir; make 'em pay for their Wickedness.

Sir Squ. Then I discountenance the Enemies of the Government, by encouraging them first to run prohibited Goods; and then I discover 'em, to shew my Loyalty.

Sir Sol. You'll be a great Man, Sir,

Sir Squ. Then, Sir, I am Guardian to my only Sister; and tho' she is six Years above Age, I still keep her Fortune carefully in my own Hands, for fear she shou'd idly throw it away upon some beggarly young Fellow: Not but I give her a good Gentlewomanly Education; for I have taught her several Tunes my self, upon the *Dulcimer*; and to save the charge of a singing Master, I let her go once a Week with her Maid, in the Upper Gallery, to learn the Songs out of the *Opera*.

Sir Sol. Good again, Sir, why this will certainly carry my Neice: These are Qualities not to be resisted. But now, Sir, pray what are you willing to settle upon her?

Sir Squ.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Sir Squ. Settle, Sir! why I'll——look you, Sir, I don't understand your Law-terms, and hard Words: but I'll make her a happy Woman. She shall want for nothing: I'll settle a good Husband upon her; she shall have Money in her Pocket, and good Cloaths upon her Back; she shall have her youngest Prentice in a *Blue Livery*, carry her *Gilt Bible* before her to Church every *Sunday*; she shall wear a Gold Chain upon her Neck, and sit in the great Pew next the Pulpit.

Sir Sol. Ay!

Sir Squ. Nay, Sir, if she pleases my Humour, she shall wear her *Sunday* Cloaths every day; go abroad once a Month in a *Sedan*; go to a Gossiping once a Quarter; and once a Year she shall constantly Lie-in.

Sir Sol. Hold! hold! Sir, that, I'm afraid, is more than you can promise.

Sir Squ. Sir, what I say I'll stand to; and if you doubt my Word, I'll give you City-Security for the Performance of it.

Sir Sol. What you can't perform, there's no doubt but your Security will.——Well, Sir! now I have heard what you can do.——I have but a Word or two with this Gentleman, and then——

Sir Squ. Sir, with all my Heart; if you can get a better Bargain, take it.

Sir Sol. Well, Sir! now, pray, what are you?

Saun. I, Sir!——ha, ha! I'm nothing at all, Sir.

Sir Sol. Hah! that is not much indeed, Sir——But pray, Sir, have you no Employment?

Saun. Employment! What do you mean, Old Gentleman, Joiner's Work?——Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir Sol. Very good, Sir:——And pray, what Estate have you?

Saun. I can't tell, Sir:——I never mind Accounts; I don't understand 'em.

Sir Sol. Pray, Sir, what is't you do understand?

Saun. Bite, Bam, and the best of the Lay, old Boy.

Sir Sol. Hah! that's every Word more than I understand, I must confess. Do you know nothing of the Law, Sir?

Saun.

14 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: or,*

Saun. Um!—just as much as I got from being often arrested.

Sir Sol. Do you follow no Business, Sir?

Saun. No, Sir, I hate it;—I avoid it.—I'll make Business follow me; a Gentleman's above it.

Sir Sol. Hah! you seem to lead a pleasant Life, Sir.

Saun. Yes, Sir, Pleasure's my Principle, and I'll stick to it as long as I live.

Sir Sol. Pray, what's your chief Diversion?

Saun. *Sauntering!*——As thus, Sir, from my Lodging to the *Smyrna*, thence to *White's*; then to the *Smyrna* again, then to *White's* again; and all this while, my Chair follows me empty. Then I dine, drink a Bottle, go to *Will's*, go behind the Scenes, make Love in the *Green-Room*, take a Benefit Ticket, ferret the Boxes, straddle into the Pit; *Green-Room* again, do the same at both Houses, and stay at neither.

Sir Sol. Hah! a pretty Life: Do you never study, Sir?

Saun. Um——in a Morning a little, while my Man draws on my Shoes, I hum over a Preface, or so: Then turn to the Conclusion, and give my Judgment accordingly.——I hate Fatigue; a Gentleman shou'd only have a taste of every thing.

Sir Sol. But do you never study yourself, neither?

Saun. O yes, Sir, that I never fail to do, at least three hours in a Glass, every Morning.

Sir Sol. Provoking Dog. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and what other powerful Reasons have you to encourage my Neice's coming into your Family?

Saun. Why, none so great, Sir, as my Family itself; 'tis as ancient as any in *England*. The *Saunterer's*, Sir, came in with King *Stephen* the Conqueror. And a Man of Honour, Sir, always values a good Family beyond Fortune.

Sir Sol. Ay, but some Fools don't, Sir; and I shall not blush to tell you I am one of those. And let me tell you, Sir, he that out-lives his Fortune, will have much ado sometimes to make his Family own him. Poverty at Court, Sir, is like Wit in the City, always counted illegitimate.——Well, Gentlemen, I have heard you all: And

I won't

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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I won't marry my Kinswoman to this Gentleman, because his prudent Conscience, as he calls it, will let him spend but a Penny a Day: Nor to this Gentleman, because, as far as I find, he has not that to spend: Nor to the noble Captain here, because he spends more than he has.

Capt. Why then, Sir, I'll stick to my *Punk*, and a Pipe of *Mundungus*.

Sir Squ. And as for *Sir Squabble Splithair*,——know, Sir, that now I won't take under a Thousand Pound more with your Neice; and so your Friend, and Servant.

Saun. And for me, Sir,——

Sir Sol. O sweet Mr. *Nothing-to-do!*——

Saun. Know, Sir, that the Noble Family of the *Saucer*'s shall never be stain'd with the base Blood of a Put, Sir, and so your Servant again, Sir. [Exeunt,

Sir Sol. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I see there are other Monsters in the World beside Cuckolds, and full as ridiculous. But now to my own Affairs. I'll step into the *Park*, and see if I can meet with my hopeful Spouse there! I warrant, engag'd in some innocent Freedom, (as she calls it) as walking in a Mask, to laugh at the impertinence of Fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a Plot to intrigue with those that do. Oh! how many Torments lie in the small Circle of a Wedding-Ring. [Exit,

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE, *Clarinda's Apartment.*

Enter Clarinda, and Sylvia.

Clar. **H**A! ha! ha! poor *Sylvia!*

Syl. Nay, prithee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for Inclination: For if there were, you know, why shou'd it be a greater Folly in me, to fall in Love with a Man I never saw but once in my Life, than 'tis in you to resist an honest Gentleman whose Fidelity has deserv'd your Heart an hundred times over?

Clar,

16 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: or,*

Clar. Ay! but an utter Stranger, Cousin, and one, that for ought you know, may be no Gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible; his Conversation cou'd not be counterfeit. An elevated Wit, and good Breeding, have a natural Lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he sav'd my Life at the hazard of his own; so that part of what I give him, is but Gratitude.

Clar. Well! you are the first Woman that ever took fire in the middle of the *Thames*, sure. But suppose now he's married, and has three or four Children!

Syl. Pshaw! Prithce don't teize me with so many ill natur'd Objections; I tell you, he is not married, I am sure he is not: for I never saw a Face look more in humour in my Life.——Beside, he told me himself, he was a Country Gentleman, just come to Town upon Business: And I'm resolv'd to believe him.

Clar. Well! well! I'll suppose you both as fit for one another then as a couple of Tallies. But still, my Dear, you know there's a surly old Father's Command against you; he is in Articles to marry you to another: And though, I know, Love is a notable Contriver, I can't see how you'll get over that Difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of thy Assistance, dear *Clarinda*, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even Wager, I prove as wise as my Father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me: You may see by the Management of my own Amours, I have so natural a Compassion for Disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse you any thing in Distress.——There's my Hand;——tell me how I can serve you.

Syl. Why thus:——Because I wou'd not wholly discover my self to him at once, I have sent him a Note to visit me here, as if these Lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my Lodgings! 'Twas well I sent Col. *Standfast* word I shou'd not be at home. [*Aside.*]

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my Freedom; since one end of my taking it too, was to have your Opinion of him, before I engage any farther.

Clar. O! it needs no Apology; any thing of mine is at your Service.——I am only afraid, my troublesome Lover

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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ver, Mr. *Clerimont*, shou'd happen to see him, who is, of late, so impertinently jealous of a Rival, tho' from what Cause I know not; — not but I lie too. [*Aside.*] I say, shou'd he see him, your Country Gentleman wou'd be in danger, I can tell you.

Syl. O! there's no fear of that; for I have order'd him to be brought in the back-way: When I have talk'd with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our Opinions of him.

Enter Servant to Clarinda.

Ser. Madam, my Lady *Sadlife*.

Syl. Pfhah! she here!

Clar. Don't be uneasie; she sha'n't disturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter Lady Sadlife.

L. Sad. O my Dears, you have lost the sweetest Morning sure, that ever peep'd out of the Firmament: The Park never was in such Perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always so, when your Ladyship's there.

L. Sad. 'Tis never so without, my dear *Clarinda*.

Syl. How civilly we Women hate one another. [*Aside.*] Was there a good deal of Company, Madam?

L. Sad. Abundance! and the best I have seen this Season: for 'twas between Twelve and One, the very hour you know, when the Mob are violently hungry. O! the Air was so inspiring! so amorous! and to compleat the Pleasure, I was attack'd in Conversation, by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young Fellow, sure, that ever Woman play'd the fool with.

Clar. Who was it?

L. Sad. Nay, Heav'n knows; his Face is as intirely new, as his Conversation. What wretches our young Fellows are to him?

Syl. What sort of a Person?

L. Sad. Tall, streight, well Limb'd, walk'd firm; and a Look as chearful as a *May-day* Morning.

Syl. The Picture's very like: pray Heav'n it is not my Gentleman's. [*Aside.*]

Clar. I wish this don't prove my Colonel [*Aside.*]

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon?

L. Sad.

18 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: or,*

L. Sad. O Name it not! That eternal Damper of all Pleasure, my Husband, Sir *Solomon*, came into the *Mall* in the very Crisis of our Conversation—I saw him at a distance, and complain'd that the Air grew tainted, that I was Sick o'th' sudden, and left him in such Abruptness and Confusion, as if he had been himself my Husband.

Clar. A melancholy Disappointment indeed!

L. Sad. Oh! 'tis a Husband's Nature to give 'em.

A Servant whispers Sylvia.

Syl. Desire him to walk in—Cousin you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next Room——Come, Madam, *Sylvia* has a little Business, I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest figur'd China.

L. Sad. My Dear, I wait on you. [*Exeunt L. Sad. and Clar.*]

Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.

Syl. You find, Sir, I have kept my Word in seeing you, 'tis all you yet have ask'd of me, and when I know 'tis in my Power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in Honour, I shall refuse you.

At. This Generous Offer, Madam, is so high an Obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther Favour. (Death! what a Neck she has!) But 'tis a Lover's Merit to be a Miser in his Wishes, and grasp at all Occasions to enrich 'em——I own, I feel your Charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious Thoughts, 'till I have pass'd one dreadful Doubt that shakes 'em.

Syl. If 'tis in my Power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the Tryal; and yet methinks my Fears are vain: But yet to kill or cure 'em once for ever, be just and tell me; are you married?

Syl. If that can make you easy, no.

At. 'Tis Ease indeed——nor are you promis'd nor your Heart engag'd?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: But to be just, I own my Father has engag'd my Person to one I never saw, and my Heart I fear's inclining to one he never saw.

At. O yet be merciful and ease my Doubt; tell me the happy Man that has deserv'd so exquisite a Blessing.

Syl.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Syl. That, Sir, requires some pause; 'tis the only Secret yet I can refuse you: First tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the Condition of your own Heart.

At. In every Circumstance my Heart 's the same with yours; 'tis promis'd to one I never saw, by a commanding Father, who by my firm Hopes of Happiness I am resolv'd to disobey; unless your Cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my Disobedience wou'd beggar me.

At. Banish that Fear, I'm Heir to a Fortune, will support you like yourself—May I not know your Family?

Syl. Yet, you must not.

At. Why that Nicety; is not it in my Power to inquire whose House this is, when I am gone?

Syl. And be ne'er the wiser: These Lodgings are a Friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: But to save you the trouble of any farther needless Questions, I will make you one Proposal. I have a young Lady here within, who is the only Confident of my Engagements to you: On her Opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I make no farther steps without it; 'twou'd be miserable indeed shou'd we both meet Beggars. I own your Actions and Appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfy'd of your Pretensions and Condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little Fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an Offer ev'n exceeds my Hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Desire my Cousin, *Clarinda* to walk in.

At. Ha! *Clarinda*! If it should be my *Clarinda* now, I'm in a sweet Condition—by all that's terrible the very She; this was finely contriv'd of Fortune.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Defend me, Col. *Standfast*! She has certainly discover'd my Affair with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected Resignation of her Pretensions to him—
—I'll disappoint her, I won't know him.

Syl.

Syl. Cousin, pray come forward; this is the Gentleman I am so much oblig'd to——Sir, this Lady is a Relation of mine, and the Person we are speaking of.

At. I shall be proud, Madam, to be better known among any of your Friends. [*Salutes her.*]

Clar. Soh! he takes the hint I see, and seems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—perhaps she's only Jealous of him, and had a mind that my seeing her Engagement with him, should occasion a breach between him and me——I am confounded! I hate both him and her, how unconcern'd he looks! Confusion! he addresses her before my Face. [*Aside.*]

Lady Sadlife peeping in.

L. Sad. What do I see? The pleasant young Fellow that talk'd with me in the Park just now! This is the luckiest Accident! I must know a little more of him.

[*Retires.*]

Syl. Cousin, and Mr. *Freeman*——I think I need not make any Apology——you both know the occasion of my leaving you together——in a quarter of an Hour I'll wait on you again. [*Exit. Syl.*]

At. So, I'm in a hopeful way now, Faith; but Buff's the word: I'll stand it.

Clar. Mr. *Freeman*! So my Gentleman has chang'd his Name too! How harmless he looks——I have my Senses sure, and yet the demureness of that Face, looks as if he had a mind to persuade me out of 'em. I cou'd find in my Heart to humour his Assurance, and see how far he'll carry it——won't you please to sit, Sir?

[*They sit.*]

At. What the Devil can this mean?——sure she has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—with all my Heart: If her Ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her.

Clar. Certainly that Face is Cannon-proof. [*Aside.*]

At. Now for a formal Speech, as if I had never seen her in my Life before—Madam—a hem—! Madam!—a hem!

Clar. Curse of that steady Face.

[*Aside.*]

At. I say, Madam, since I am an utter Stranger to you,
I am

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more Arguments than one to do me a Friendship with your Cousin; but if you are, as she seems to own you, her real Friend, I presume you can't give her a better Proof of your being so, than in pleading the Cause of a sincere and humble Lover, whose tender Wishes never can propose to taste of Peace in Life without her.

Clar. Um! ——— I'm choak'd. [*Aside.*]

At. She gave me Hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my Birth and Fortune, you wou'd do me the Honour to let me know her Name and Family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect Master of your Art, that ever enter'd the Lists of Assurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you will find it a much easier Task to impose upon my Cousin, than me.

At. Impose, Madam! I shou'd be sorry any thing I have said cou'd disoblige you into such hard Thoughts of me: Sure, Madam, you are under some Misinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my Eyes are open—for 'till this Minute I never knew that the gay Col. *Standfast*, was the demure Mr. *Freeman*.

At. Col. *Standfast*! This is extremely dark, Madam.

Clar. This Jest is tedious, Sir——Impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a Gentleman——but not yet wise enough I find to account for the Humours of a fine Lady.

Clar. Troth, Sir, on second Thoughts I begin to be a little better reconcil'd to your Assurance; 'tis in some sort Modesty to deny yourself, for to own your Perjuries to my Face, had been an Insolence transcendently provoking.

At. Really, Madam, my not being able to apprehend one word of all this, is a great inconvenience to my Affair with your Cousin: But if you will first do me the Honour to make me acquainted with her Name and Family; I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you.

Clar. Come! come! since you see this Assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple honest Look, and generously confess your Frailties: The same

B

Sliness

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Sliness that deceiv'd me first, will still find me Woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do. [*Aside.*] Sure, Madam, you mistake me for some other Person!

Clar. Insolent! Audacious Villain! I am not to have my Senses then!

At. No!

[*Aside.*

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last!

At. The last Extremity.

[*Aside.*

Clar. Well, Sir, since you won't know yourself, 'tis possible at least you may have some small Acquaintance with the Person I take you for: It can do you no harm, I presume, to own you know Colonel *Standfast*.

At. By all that's binding I know no more of him, than you know of me.

Clar. If you know as much 'tis enough.

At. Never saw or heard of any such Person, since I was born.

Clar. Nay! that's hard! And I must tell you, Sir, since you will own nothing to me, I'll own something to my Cousin for you: I'll take care she shall know you perfectly.

At. Be not so barbarous, Madam, without a Cause to misrepresent me, where my Soul most languishes to be clearly known: Upon my Knees I beg you do not in a rash Error of my Person so apparent, blindly ruin me with the only Creature in whom my humble Heart has treasur'd up its future hopes of Happiness.

Clar. Poor little Malice, you think this stings me now; but you shall find—I'm not so little Mistress of my Heart, but I can still recall it, and since you are so much a stranger to Col. *Standfast*, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, scorn, detest, and loath him: I never meant him but at best for my Diversion, and shou'd he ever renew his dull Addresses to me, I'll have him us'd as his vain Insolence deserves. Now, Sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you won'd leave the House immediately.

At. I wou'd not willingly disoblige you, Madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your Cousin, and clear'd myself of these strange Aspersions.

Clar.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

23

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, Sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you once for all, you've seen the last of her: And if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forc'd away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your Cruelty, I'll take my leave: But as you hope for Justice on the Man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely Friend. And when you have nam'd to her my utmost Guilt, yet paint my Passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what Tortures I endur'd in this severe Exclusion from her Sight, that 'till my Innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into Mercy,

A mad Man's Frenzy's Heav'n to what I feel;

The Wounds you give, 'tis she alone can heal. [*Exit.*]

Clar. Most abandon'd Impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my Senses, or his insolent owning his Passion for my Cousin to my Face: 'Tis impossible she cou'd put him upon this, it must be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's Woman I'll have Revenge. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Atall and Lady Sadlife at the other side.

At. Hey day! is there no way down Stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out! This is the oddest House.

L. Sad. Here he is——I'll venture to pass by him.

At. Pray, Madam, which is the nearest way out?

L. Sad. Sir! out——a——

At. O my Stars! is't you, Madam? This is fortunate indeed—I beg you tell me, do you live here, Madam?

L. Sad. Not very far off, Sir: But this is no place to talk with you alone——indeed I must beg your Pardon.

At. By all those kindling Charms that fire my Soul, no Consequence on Earth shall make me quit my hold, 'till you've given me some kind Assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily: I gad I'll have one out of the Family at least.

L. Sad. O good, here's Company!

At. O do not rack me with Delays, but quick, before this dear shortliv'd Opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me: To part with this soft white Hand's

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ten thousand Daggers to my Heart. [*Kissing it eagerly.*]

L. Sid. O lud! I am going home this minute: And if you shou'd offer to dog my Chair, I protest I—was ever such Usage—Lord—sure! oh—follow me down then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Clarinda and Sylvia.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, Madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. You don't believe me then.

Syl. I do believe, that when some Women are inclin'd to like a Man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him; ha! ha!—Your Pardon, Cousin; you know you laugh'd at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The Occasion 's quite different, Madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a Villain; you're impos'd on. He's a Colonel of Foot, his Regiment 's now in *Spain*, and his Name 's *Standfast*.

Syl. But pray, good Cousin, whence had you this Intelligence? of him?

Clar. From the same Place that you had your false Account, Madam, his own Mouth.

Syl. Ay! pray when?

Clar. This Day seven-night.

Syl. Where?

Clar. In the next Room.

Syl. How came you to see him there?

Clar. Because there was Company in this.

Syl. What was his Business with you?

Clar. Much about the same, as his Business with you—Love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, Madam! Lord! What am I? Old! or a Monster! Is it so prodigious, that a Man shou'd like me?

Syl. No! But I'm amaz'd to think, if he had lik'd you, he shou'd leave you so soon, for me!

Clar. For you! leave me! for you! No, Madam, I did not tell you that neither! ha! ha!

Syl. No! What made you so violently angry with him then

then? Indeed, Cousin, you had better take some other fairer way; this Artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a Friend; prove him to be, what you say he is, and my Engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, Madam, not but I slight the tend'rest of his Addresses: but, to convince you, that my Vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the Name of Colonel *Standfast*, and do you the same by that of *Freeman*; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady *Sadlife's* at the same time: if these appear two different Men, I think our Dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've said of him to your Face; I'll make you a very humble Curt'cy, and beg your Pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your Ladyship the same Reverence, and beg yours.

Enter Clerimont.

Clar. Pshaw! he here!

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good Company, Madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good Company, Sir,

Cler. I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your Ease at too high a rate, to disturb it.

[Going.]

Syl. Nay, Mr. *Clerimont*, upon my word, you sha'n't stir. Hark you—*[Whispers.]* Your Pardon, Cousin.

Clar. I must not lose him neither.—Mr. *Clerimont's* way, is to be severe in his Construction of Peoples meaning.

Syl. I'll write my Letter, and be with you, Cousin.

[Exit.]

Cler. It was always my Principle, Madam, to have an humble Opinion of my Merit; when a Woman of Sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always receiv'd with a Smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary Opinion of one's Merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to Fact, Madam: For these ten Days past, I have had no Distinction, but a severe Reserv'dness. You did not use to be so sparing of your

good Humour; and while I see you gay to all the World but me, I can't but be a little concern'd at the Change.

Clar. If he has discover'd the Colonel now, I'm undone! he cou'd not meet him, sure.—I must humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere Temper, Mr. *Clerimont*, I own, don't always meet with the Usage they deserve: but Women are giddy things; and had we no Errors to answer for, the Use of Good Nature in a Lover wou'd be lost. Vanity is our inherent Weakness: You must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your Passions, than your Prudence.

Cler. This friendly Condescension makes me more your Slave than ever. O! yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortur'd with a groundless Jealousy?

Clar. Let your own Heart be Judge.—But don't take it ill if I leave you now:—I have some earnest Business with my Cousin *Sylvia*.—But to night, at my Lady *Dainty's*, I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler. I need not promise you.

Clar. Your Servant.—Ah! How easily is poor Sincerity impos'd on. Now for the Colonel. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Cler. This unexpected Change of Humour more stirs my Jealousy than all her late Severity.—I'll watch her close.

*For she that from a just Reproach is kind,
Gives more suspicion of her guilty Mind, (blind.
And throws her Smiles, like Dust, to strike the Lover* }

A C T III.

SCENE, *Lady Dainty's Apartment: A Table, with Viols, Gallipots, Glasses, &c.*

Lady Dainty, and Sirup her Woman.

L. D. **S**it up! Sit up!
Sit. Madam!

L. D. Thou art strangely slow; I told thee the Harts-horn! I have the Vapours to that degree—

Sit. If your Ladyship wou'd take my Advice, you shou'd ev'n fling your Physick out of the Window; if you were not in perfect Health in three Days, I'd be bound to be sick for you.

L. D. Peace, Goody Impertinence! I tell thee, no Woman of Quality is, or shou'd be in perfect Health.—Huh! huh! (*coughs faintly*) To be always in Health, is as vulgar as to be always in Humour, and wou'd equally betray one's want of Wit, and Breeding; 'tis only fit for the clumsy state of a Citizen.—I am ready to faint under the very Idea of such a barbarous Life.—Where are the Fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam.——— [*Enter two Footmen.*]

L. D. *Cesar*,—run to my Lady *Roundfides*; desire to know how she rested; and tell her, the violence of my Cold is abated: Huh! huh! *Pompey*, step you to my Lady *Killchairman's*; give my Service; say, I have been so embarrass'd with the Spleen all this Morning, that I am under the greatest Uncertainty in the World, whether I shall be able to stir out, or no.—And, d'ye hear, desire to know how my Lord does, and the new Monkey.— [*Exit.*]

Sit. In my Conscience, these great Ladies make themselves sick to make themselves business; and are well, or ill, only in Ceremony to one another. [*Aside.*]

L. D. Where's t'other Fellow?

Sit. He is not return'd yet, Madam.

L. D. 'Tis indeed a strange Lump, not fit to carry a Disease to any body: I sent him t'other Day to the *Duchess of Dietdrink*, with the *Cholick*, and the Brute put it into his own *Tramontane* Language, and call'd it the *Belly-Ach*;—Never was Creature under such Confusion, sure! At my next Visit, half the Company saluted me upon it. I was forc'd to explain the Booby's meaning, lest they shou'd have suppos'd the Delicacy of my Constitution capable of so vulgar a Disease:—A huh! huh!

Sit. I wish your Ladyship had not occasion to send for any, for my part.———

L. D. Thy part!—prithee! thou wert made of the rough masculine kind;—'tis betraying our Sex not to be sickly and tender.—All the Families I visit, have something

deriv'd to 'em, from the elegant nice state of Indisposition; you see, ev'n in the Men, a genteel (as it were) stagger, or twine of the Bodies; as if they were not yet confirm'd enough for the rough laborious Exercise of walking, a lazy Saunter in their Motion, something so Quality! and their Voices so soft, and low, you'd think they were falling asleep, they are so very delicate.

Sir. But methinks, Madam, it wou'd be better, if the Men were not altogether so tender.

L. D. Indeed, I have sometimes wish'd the Creatures were not, but that the Niceness of their Frame so much distinguishes 'em from the Herd of common People: Nay, ev'n most of their Diseases, you see, are not prophan'd by the Crowd: The *Apoplexy*, the *Gout*, and *Vapours*, are all peculiar to the Nobility.—Huh! huh! and I cou'd almost wish, that *Colds* were only ours;—there's something in 'em so genteel,—so agreeably disordering.—Huh! huh!

Sir. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for 'em.—Your Ladyship forgot the *Spleen*.

L. D. Oh!—my dear *Spleen*,—I grudge that ev'n to some of Us.

Sir. I knew an Ironmonger's Wife in the City, that was mightily troubled wit it.

L. D. Foh! What a Creature hast thou nam'd? An Ironmonger's Wife have the *Spleen*! Thou might'st as well have said, her Husband was a fine Gentleman; not but those Wretches give themselves the Air of following us in every thing, they Dress, Game, Visit, hate their Husbands, keep Chaplains, and go on, as far as simple Nature can: But then the Creatures are so fond of Noise, and Merry-making, that the Delicacy of the *Spleen* can't bear their Barbarity; and, therefore, never does 'em the Honour to visit 'em. I profess—I feel it, while I commend it.—Give me something.

Sir. Will your Ladyship please to take any of the *Steel Drops*, or the *Bolus*, or the *Electuary*, or——

L. D. This Wench will smother me with Questions,—huh! huh! Bring any of 'em.—These healthy Sluts are so boisterous, they split one's Brains: I fancy myself in an Inn, while she talks to me.—I must have some decay'd

decay'd Person of Quality about me: For the Commons of *England* are the strangest Creatures,——huh! huh!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mrs. *Sylvia*, Madam, is come to wait upon your Ladyship.

L. D. Desire her to walk in;—let the Physick alone; —I'll take a little of her Company; she's mighty good for the Spleen.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Dear Lady *Dainty*!

L. D. My good Creature, I'm over-joy'd to see you—huh! huh!

Syl. I am sorry to see your Ladyship wrapt up thus: I was in hopes to have had your Company to the *Indian House*.

L. D. If any thing cou'd tempt me abroad, 'twou'd be that Place, and such agreeable Company: but how came you, dear *Sylvia*, to be reconcil'd to any thing in an *Indian House*: You us'd to have a most barbarous Inclination for our own odious Manufactures.

Syl. Nay, Madam, I am only going to recruit my *Tea-Table*: As to the rest of their Trumpery, I am as much out of Humour with it as ever.

L. D. How can a Woman of Taste, as you are, be pleas'd with any thing that's common: There is a peculiar Air in every thing that's foreign.

Syl. I fancy your Ladyship hates your own Country, as some Women do their Husbands, only for being too near 'em.

L. D. And is not that a very good Reason? For, don't you find, it holds from most Husbands to their Wives too: I hate any thing that's to be had, like a Pound of Sugar at every Grocer's: I am ready to swoon at the fulsome Shops upon *Ludgate-Hill*; and wou'd no more have my Equipage in an *English* Dress, than of an *English* Birth, or Education.

Syl. Now I think, our own Habits, and Servants, are as proper and useful as any.

L. D. Useful! O deplorable! What a Tradesman's Reason, my Dear, do you give! How insipid wou'd Life be,

if we had nothing about us but what was necessary? Can you suppose so many Women of Quality wou'd run mad after Monkeys, Squirrels, Paroquets, *Dutch Dogs*, and Eunuchs, but that they are of no manner of Use in the World?

Syl. Now for that Reason, I like none of 'em all.

L. D. How! Why, are you not struck with the Magnificence of a foreign Equipage? as *Swiss* Porters, *French* Cooks and Footmen, *Italian* Singers, *Turkish* Coachmen, and *Indian* Pages?

Syl. Very Geographical indeed.

L. D. Does not my Lord *Outsides* touch you?

Syl. It did surprize me at first, I own: For his frightful Blackamore Coachman, with his flat Nose, and great Silver Collar, made me fancy, they had dress'd up a *Dutch* Mastiff, and I expected every Minute to hear him bark at his Horses.

L. D. Well, thou art a pleasant Creature, thy Distaste is so diverting!

Syl. And your Ladyship is so expensive, that really I am not able to come into it.

L. D. Now, 'tis to me prodigious! how some Women can muddle away their Money upon Housewifry, Children, Books, and Charities, when there are so many well-bred Ways, and foreign Curiosities, that more elegantly require it.—I have every Morning the Rarities of all Countries brought to me, and am in Love with every new thing I see.—Are the People come yet, *Situp*?

Sit. They have been below, Madam, this half hour.

L. D. Dispose 'em in the Parlour, and we'll be there presently.

[*Ex. Sit.*]

Syl. How can your Ladyship take such Pleasure in being cheated with the Baubles of other Countries?

L. D. Thou art a very Infidel to all Finery.

Syl. And you a very Bigot.——

L. D. A Person of all Reason, and no Complaisance.

Syl. And your Ladyship all Complaisance, and no Reason.

L. D. Follow me, and be converted.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Situp, a Woman with China-Ware; an Indian Man with Screens, Tea, &c. a Bird-Man with a Parroquet, Monkey, &c.

Sit. Come! come into this Room.

Chin. W. I hope your Ladyship's Lady wo'n't be long a-coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you.—It seems you trade with the Ladies for old Cloaths, and give 'em *China* for their Gowns, and Petticoats. I'm like to have a fine time on't with such Creatures, as you indeed.

Chi. Alas! Madam, I'm but a poor Woman, and am forc'd to do any thing to live: Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to accept of a piece of *China*?

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Tho' I must needs say, you look like an honest Woman. [Looks on it.]

Chi. Thank you, good Madam.

Sit. Our Places are like to come to a fine Pass indeed, if our Ladies must buy their *China* with our Perquisites: At this rate, my Lady sha'n't have an old Fan, or a Glove, but——

Chi. Pray, Madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, especially without a Saucer to't. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly.—Come, give it me, give it me; here's my Lady.

Enter Lady Dainty, and Sylvia.

L. D. Well, my Dear, is not this a pretty Sight now?

Syl. It's better than so many Doctors and Apothecaries, indeed.

L. D. All Trades must live you know, and those no more than these cou'd subsist, if the World were all wise, or healthy.

Syl. I'm afraid our real Diseases are but few to our Imaginary, and Doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

L. D. My Dear, you're allow'd to say any thing—but now I must talk with the People.—Have you got any thing new there? *Chi.*

*Chi.**Ind.**Arm.**Bird.*

} And please your Ladyship.

L. D. One at once——

Bird. I have brought your Ladyship the finest Monkey——

Syl. What a filthy thing it is.

L. D. I now think he looks very humerous and agreeable——I vow in a white Perriwig he might do mischief; could he but talk, and take Snuff, there's ne'er a Fop in Town wou'd go beyond him.

Syl. Most Fops wou'd go farther if they did not speak; but talking indeed, makes 'em very often worse Company than Monkeys.

L. D. Thou pretty little Picture of Man——how very *Indian* he looks! I cou'd kiss the dear Creature.

Syl. Ah! Don't touch him he'll bite.

Bird. No, Madam, he is the tameest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

L. D. Then take him away, I won't have him, for Mischief is the Wit of a Monkey, and I wou'd not give a Farthing for one, that wou'd not break me three or four Pounds worth of China in a Morning. O I am in love with these *Indian* Figures——do but observe what an innocent natural Simplicity there is in all the Actions of 'em.

Chi. These are Pagods, Madam, that the *Indians* worship.

L. D. So far I am an *Indian*.

Syl. Now to me they are all Monsters.

L. D. Prophane Creature——I wou'd fain buy something of the *Armenians*; but Amber Necklaces are such odd things; they are the only People that come so far, and bring no Rarities with 'em——oh! Here *Sitap* shall wear one.

Sit. Lord! Dear Madam, I shall make such a Figure, People will think I am going to dine with my Lady Mayors.

Chi. Is your Ladyship for a Piece of right *Flanders* Lace.

L. D. Um——no, I don't care for it now it is not prohibited.

Ind.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Ind. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have a Pound of fine Tea?

L. D. What filthy odious *Bohea*, I suppose.

Ind. No, Madam, right *Kappakawawa*.

L. D. Well, there's something in the very sound of that Name, that makes it irresistible.—What is't a Pound?

Ind. But six Guineas, Madam.

L. D. How infinitely Cheap? I'll buy it all. *Sit up*, take the Man in, and pay him, and let the rest call again to morrow.

Omnes. Bless your Ladyship. [*Ex. Cbi. Ind. Arm. and Bird.*]

L. D. Lord! how Feverish I am——the least Motion does so disorder me——do but feel me.

Syl. No really, I think you are in very good Temper.

L. D. Burning, indeed Child.

Enter Servant, Doctor, and Apothecary.

Ser. Madam, here's Dr. *Bolus*, and the *Apothecary*.

L. D. Oh! Doctor, I'm glad you're come, one is not sure of a Moment's Life without you.

Dr. How did your Ladyship rest, Madam.

[*Feels her Pulse.*]

L. D. Never worse, indeed Doctor: I once fell into a little Slumber indeed, but then was disturb'd by the most odious frightful Dream: I dreamt there was an impudent Fellow, that came into my Chamber with his Sword drawn, and swore he wou'd marry me whether I wou'd or no; and so methought I flew out of the Room, and the horrid Creature pursued me to a vast great Thorny Wood, and the Briars did so stick in my Coaths, and I pull'd and was so out of Breath; and then methought upon a sudden, he chang'd into a great roaring mad Bull, and then methought I ran, and ran, and ran, and my Legs did so ach, that if the Fright had not waken'd me, I had certainly perish'd in my Sleep with the Apprehension.

Dr. A certain sign of a disorder'd Brain, Madam, but I'll order something that shall compose your Ladyship.

L. D. Mr. *Rhubarb* I must quarrel with you——you don't disguise your Medicines enough, they taste all
Phyick

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Physick, in a little time you'll bring me to take plain Jalap. Huh! huh!

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the Operation, Madam.

L. D. I dont care what is offended, so my Taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr. *Rhubarb*, withdraw the Medicine, rather than not make it pleasant, I'll find a reason for the want of its Operation.

Rhub. But, Sir, if we don't look about us she'll grow well upon our Hands.

Dr. Never fear that, she's too much a Woman of Quality to dare to be well without her Doctor's Opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drain'd the whole Catalogue of Diseases already, there is not another left to put in her Head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go 'em over again.

Enter Careless.

Car. So! here's the Old Levee! *Doctor* and *Apothecary* in close Consultation: Now will I demolish the Quack and his Medicines before her Face——Mr. *Rhubarb*, your Servant, pray what have you got in your Hand there?

Rhub. Only a Julep, and Composing Draught for my Lady, Sir.

Car. Have you so, Sir,———pray let me see——I'll prescribe to day——*Doctor*, you may go——the Lady shall take no Physick at present but me.

Dr. Sir.

Car. Nay, if you won't believe me——[*Breaks the Vials.*

L. D. Ah!———[*Frighted, and leaning upon Syl.*

Dr. Come away Mr. *Rhubarb*,———he'll certainly put her out of Order, and then she'll send for us again.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Apoth.*

Car. You see, Madam, what pains I take to come in to your Favour.

L. D. You take a very preposterous way, I can tell you, Sir.

Car. I can't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I endeavour right, for I study every Morning new Impertinence to entertain you: For since I find nothing but Dogs, Doctors, and Monkeys are your Favourites, it's very hard

if

if your Ladyship won't admit me as one of the Number.

L. D. When I find you of an equal Merit with my Monkey, you shall be in the same State of Favour: I confess, as a proof of your Wit, you have done me as much Mischief here: But you have not half Pugg's Judgment, nor his Spirit: For that Creature will do a World of pleasant Things, without caring whether one likes 'em or not.

Car. Why truly Madam, the little Gentleman, my Rival, I believe, is much in the right on't; and if you observe, I have taken as much pains of late to disoblige, as to please you.

L. D. You succeed better in one than t'other I can tell you, Sir.

Car. I am glad on't——for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what wou'd you do for a pretence to be chagrin, to faint, have the Spleen, the Vapours, and all those modish Disorders, that so nicely distinguish a Woman of Quality?

L. D. I am perfectly confounded! certainly there are some People too impudent for our Resentment.

Car. Modesty's a starving Virtue, Madam, an Old thread-bare fashion of the last Age, and wou'd sit as odly upon a Lover now, as a Pik'd Beard and Mustachoes.

L. D. Most astonishing!

Car. I have tryed sighing and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do——nay, had you had as little Wit as good Nature, shou'd have proceeded to Dance and Sing——Tell me but how, what Face, or Form can worship you, and behold your Votary.

L. D. Not, Sir, as the *Persians* do the Sun, with your Face towards me: The best Proof you can give me of your horrid Devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my Dear.

[Exit with Sylvia.

Syl. I'm amaz'd so much Assurance shou'd not succeed.

[Exit.

Car. All this shan't make me out of love with my Virtue——Impudence has ever been a successful Quality——and 'twould be hard indeed if I shou'd be the first that did not thrive by it.

[Exit.

SCENE,

S C E N E, *Clerimont's Lodgings.**Enter Atall, and Finder his Man.**At.* You are sure you know the House again?*Fin.* Ah! as well as I do the upper Gallery, Sir: 'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's at the two Glass Lanthorns, within three Doors of my Lord Duke's.*At.* Very well, Sir, then take this Letter, inquire for my Lady Sadlife's Woman, and stay for an Answer.*Fin.* Yes, Sir.[*Exit.*]*At.* Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose Pleasure in Love without variety of Mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen Sportsman without a good Stable of Horses: We may talk what we will, but I say we love, as we hunt, for Pleasure, and he's likeliest to see most of the Sport I'm sure, that has a good led Nag in the Field: How this Lady may prove I can't tell, but if she is not a deedy Tit at the Bottom, I'm no Jockey.*Re-enter Finder.**Fin.* Sir. here are two Letters for you.*At.* Who brought 'em?*Fin.* A couple of Footmen, and they both desire an Answer.*At.* Bid 'em stay, and do you make haste where I order'd you.*Fin.* Yes, Sir.[*Exit.*]*At.* To Col. Standfast—that's *Clarinda's* Hand—to Mr. Freeman—that must be my *Incognita*. Ah! I have most mind to open this first: But if t'other malicious Creature shou'd have perverted her growing Inclinations to me, 'twould put my whole Frame in a Trembling. Hold, I'll guess my Fate by Degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it. [*Reads Clar. Letter.*] Um—um—um—ha! To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at seven a Clock to Night, and takes no manner of Notice of my late disowning my self to her—something's at the Bottom of all this—now to solve the Riddle [*Reads t'other Letter.*] My Cousin Clarinda has told some things of you that very much alarms me; but I am willing to suspend my belief of 'em 'till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at seven this Evening.

The

The Devil! the same place!

As you value the real Friendship of your Incognita.

So now the Riddle's out; the Rival Queens are fairly come to Reference, and one or both of 'em I must lose, that's positive; hard!

Enter Clerimont.

Hard Fortune! Now poor Impudence what will become of thee? O *Clerimont*! Such a Complication of Adventures since I saw thee, such sweet Hopes, Fears, and unaccountable Difficulties, sure never poor Dog was surrounded with.

Cler. O! you are an Industrious Person, you'll get over 'em. But pray let's hear.

At. To begin then in the Climax of my Misfortunes, in the first Place, the private Lodgings that my *Incognita* appointed to receive me in, prov'd to be the very individual Habitation of my other Mistress, whom (to compleat the Blunder of my ill luck) she civilly introduc'd in Person to recommend me to her better Acquaintance.

Cler. Ha! ha! Death! how cou'd you stand 'em both together?

At. The old way——Buff——I stuck like a Burr to my Name of *Freeman*, address'd my *Incognita* before the other's Face, and with a most unmov'd good Breeding, harmlessly fac'd her down, I had never seen her in my Life before.

Cler. The prettiest Modesty I ever heard of: Well, but how did they discover you at last?

At. Why Faith the Matter's yet in suspense; and I find by both their Letters, that they don't yet well know what to think: (but to go on with my Luck) you must know they have since both appointed me, by several Names, to meet 'em at one and the same Place at seven a Clock this Evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And lastly, to crown my Fortune, (as if the Devil himself most triumphantly rode a straddle upon my Ruin) the fatal place of their Appointment happens to be the very House of a third Lady, with whom I made an Acquaintance since Morning, and had just before sent word I wou'd visit near the same hour this Ev'ning.

Cler.

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Cler. O! Murther! Poor *Atall*! thou art really fall'n under the last degree of Compassion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy Assistance, in the middle of all their small Shot, I don't still despair of holding my Head above Water.

Cler. You must think me barbarous indeed, if in such Distress I shou'd not throw out a Rope to save you——not that I can imagine what you propose: For I dare swear thou dost not design to marry any one of 'em.

At. Shou'd my *Incognita's* Birth prove equal to her Beauty, I tremble to tell thee what might become of me.

Cler. Why then you had as good quit her Friend now.

At. No, no, that is not safe neither——and if I don't keep in with her, Intimacy will certainly give her Opportunities of spoiling my Market with her Rival.

Cler. Death! but you can't meet 'em both, you must lose one of 'em, unless you can split your self.

At. Pristhee don't suspect my Courage, or Modesty, for I'm resolv'd to go on, if you stand by me.

Cler. Faith my very Curiosity wou'd make me do that——but what can I do?

At. You must appear for me upon occasion in Person.

Cler. With all my Heart——What else?

At. I shall want a King's Messenger in my Interest, or rather one that can personate one.

Cler. That's easily found——but what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you——for first I must answer their Letters.

Cler. Thou art an Original, Faith. [Exeunt.]

The S C E N E changes to Sir Solomon's

Enter Sir Solomon leading Lady Sadlife, and Wishwell her Woman.

Sir Sol. There, Madam, let me have no more of these Airings——no good, I'm sure, can keep a Woman five or six Hours abroad in a Morning.

L. Sad. You deny me all the innocent Freedoms of Life.

Sir Sol. Hah! you have the modish Cant of this end of the Town, I see: Intriguing, Gaming, Gadding, and Par-
ty

by Quarries with a Pox to 'em, are innocent Freedoms, forsooth.

L. Sad. I don't know what you mean, I'm sure I have not one Acquaintance in the World that does any ill thing.

Sir Sol. They must be better look'd after than your Ladyship then; but I'll mend my Hand as fast as I can, do you look to your Reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your Person.

L. Sad. You wrong my Virtue with these unjust Suspicions.

Sir Sol. Ay, it's no matter for that; better I wrong it than you, I'll secure my Doors for this Day at least. [Ex.]

L. Sad. O! *Wishwell*! what shall I do?

Wish. What's the matter, Madam?

L. Sad. I expect a Letter from a Gentleman every Minute, and if it shoud fall into Sir Solomon's Hands, I'm ruin'd past Redemption.

Wish. He won't suspect it, Madam, sure if they are directed to me, as they us'd to be.

L. Sad. But his Jealousy's grown so violent of late, there's no trusting to it now; if he meets it, I shall be lock'd up for ever.

Wish. O dear Madam! I vow, your Ladyship frights me.——Why, he'll kill me for keeping Counsel.

L. Sad. Run to the Window quick and watch the Messenger. [Ex. *Wish.*] Ah! there's my Ruin near.——I feel it.——[*A knocking at the Door.*] What shall I do?—Be very insolent, or very humble, and cry. I have known some Women upon these Occasions, out-strut their Husband's Jealousie, and make 'em ask Pardon for finding 'em out.—O Lud! here he comes.—I can't do't; my Courage fails me——I must ev'n stick to my Handkerchief, and trust to Nature.

Re-enter Sir Solomon, taking a Letter from Finder.

Sir Sol. Sir, I shall make bold to read this Letter; and, if you have a mind to save your Bones, there's your way out.

Find. O terrible! I sha'n't have a whole one in my Skin, when I come home to my Master.——[*Exit Finder.*]

L. Sad. [*Aside.*] I'm lost for ever.

Sir Sol.

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Sir Sol. (*Reads*) " Pardon, most Divine Creature, the
 " Impatience of my Heart ;
 Very well! these are her innocent Freedoms! ah! *Cockatrice!*

" which languishes for an Opportunity to
 " convince you of its Sincerity :——
 O the tender.—Son of a Whore !

" which nothing cou'd relieve, but the
 " sweet Hope of seeing you this Ev'ning.
 Poor Lady! whose Virtue I have wrong'd with unjust Suspicions !

L. Sad. I'm ready to sink with Apprehension !

Sir Sol. —" To Night, at seven, expect your dying
 " *Stephen.*

Die, and be damn'd ;—for I'll remove your Comforter, by cutting her Throat.—I cou'd find in my heart to ram his impudent Letter into her Wind-pipe.—Ha! what's this!

" To Mrs. *Wishwell*, my Lady *Sadlife's* Woman.
 Ad, I'm glad of it withal my Heart :—What a happy thing 'tis to have one's Jealousy disappointed!—Now, have I been cursing my poor Wife, for the mistaken Wickedness of that Trollop.—'Tis well I kept my Thoughts to myself: For the Virtue of a Wife, when wrongfully accus'd, is most unmercifully insolent.—Come, I'll do a great thing;——I'll kiss her, and make her amends.—What's the matter, my Dear?——has any thing frighted you?

L. Sad. Nothing but your hard Usage.

Sir Sol. Come! come! dry thy Tears, it shall be so no more.—But, hark ye! I have made a Discovery here:——Your *Wishwell*, I'm afraid, is a Slut.—She has an Intrigue.

L. Sad. An Intrigue! Heavens! in our Family!

Sir Sol. Read there:—I wish she be honest.—

L. Sad. How!—if there be the least ground to think it, Sir *Solomon*, positively she sha'n't stay a Minute in the House, —impudent Creature.—have an Affair with a Man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my Dear,——don't let your Virtue censure too severely neither.

L. Sad. I shudder at the Thoughts of her.

Sir

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Sir Sol. Patience, I say, how do we know but his Courtship may be honourable.

L. Sad. That, indeed, requires some Pause.

Wish. (*Peeping in*) So! all's safe, I see,—he thinks the Letter's to me.—O good! Madam,—that Letter was to me, the Fellow says.—I wonder, Sir, how you cou'd serve one so; if my Sweetheart shou'd hear you had open'd it, I know he wou'd not have me; so he wou'd not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that; for if he's in love with you, he's too much a Fool to value being laugh'd at.

L. Sad. If it be your's; here, take your Stuff; and next time, bid him take better care, than to send his Letters so publickly.

Wish. Yes, Madam; but now your Ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the Honour of *Sir Solomon* to answer it for me; for I can't write.

L. Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose: For he calls her Divine Creature.—A pretty piece of Divinity, truly.—But come, my Dear,—Egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's Paper,—you shall do it.

L. Sad. I, *Sir Solomon*! Lord, I wo'n't write to Fellows, not I.—I hope he wo'n't take me at my Word. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it; come, 'twill get her a good Husband.

Wish. Ay! Pray, good Madam, do——

Sir Sol. Ah! how eager the Jade is——

L. Sad. I can't tell how to write to any body, but you, my Dear.

Sir Sol. Well! well! I'll dictate then;—come, begin—

L. Sad. Lord! this is the oddest Fancy! [*Sits to write.*]

Sir Sol. Come, come: Dear Sir; (for we'll be as loving as he for his Ears.)

Wish. No, pray, Madam; begin, Dear Honey; or, My Dearest Angel.

L. Sad. Out! you Fool! you must not be so fond.—Dear Sir, is very well. [*Writes.*]

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 'tis: but these young Fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed.—But prithee, *Wish-well*, what is thy Lover? for the Style of his Letter may serve for a Countess.

Wish.

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Wish. Sir, he is but a Butler at present; but he's a good Schollard, as you may see by his Hand-writing; and in time may come to be a Steward; and then we sha'n't be long without a Coach, Sir.

L. Sad. Dear Sir, ——— what must I write next?

Sir Sol. Why, ——— *[Musing.]*

Wish. Hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this present writing.

Sir Sol. You Puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wish. I'm sure my Mother us'd to begin all her Letters so.

Sir Sol. And thou art every Inch of thee her own Daughter, that I'll say for thee.

L. Sad. Come, I have don't. *[Reads]* "Dear Sir, she must have very little Merit, that is insensible of yours."

Sir Sol. Very well, 'Faith! Write all yourself.

Wish. Ay! good Madam, do; that's better than mine. — But pray, Dear Madam, let it end with, "So I rest your dearest loving Friend, 'till Death us depart."

L. Sad. This absurd Slut will make laugh out. *[Aside.]*

Sir Sol. But hark you, Hussy; suppose now you should be a little scornful and insolent, to shew your Breeding; and a little ill-natur'd in it to shew your Wit.

Wish. Ay, Sir, that is, if I design'd him for my Gallant: But since he is to be but my Husband, I must be very good-natur'd, and civil, before I have him; and huff him, and shew my Wit after.

Sir Sol. Here's a Jade for you! *[Aside]* But why must you huff your Husband, Hussy?

Wish. O! Sir, that's to give him a good Opinion of my Virtue: for you know, Sir, a Husband can't think one could be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud! this Fool, on my Conscience, speaks the Sense of the whole Sex. *[Aside.]*

Wish. Then, Sir, I have been told, that a Husband loves one the better, the more one hectors him, as a Spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sir Sol. Ha! thy Husband will have a blessed time on't.

L. Sad. So; I have done.

Wish. O pray, Madam, read it.

L. Sad.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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L. Sad. (*Reads*) " Dear Sir,——she must have very
 " little Merit, that is insensible of yours;
 " and while you continue to love, and tell
 " me so, expect whatever you can hope
 " from so much Wit, and such unfeign'd
 " Sincerity.——At the hour you mention,
 " you will be truly welcome to your pas-
 " sionate——"

Wish. Oh! Madam, it is not half kind enough; pray,
 put in some more Dears.

Sir Sol. Ay! ay! sweeten it well;——let it be all Syrup,
 ——with a Pox to her.

Wish. Every Line shou'd have *Dear Sweet Sir* in it; so
 it shou'd.——He'll think I don't love him else.

Sir Sol. Poor Moppet!

L. Sad. No! no! 'tis better now.——Well, what must
 be at the bottom, to answer *Stephen*?

Sir Sol. Pray, let her Divine Ladyship sign,—*Abigail*.

Wish. No; pray, Madam, put down *Lispamintha*.

Sir Sol. *Lispamintha*!

L. Sad. No, come—I'll write *Calia*. Here, go in, and
 seal it.

Sir Sol. Ay, come! I'll lend you a Wafer, that he may
 not wait for your Divinityship.

Wish. Pfhah! you always flout one so. [*Exeunt*

Sir Solomon and Wishwell.

L. Sad. So! this is luckily over.——Well! I see a Wo-
 man shou'd never be discourag'd from coming off at the
 greatest Plunge: For tho' I was half dead with the Fright,
 yet now I'm a little recover'd, I find——

*That Apprehension does the Bliss endear,
 The real Danger's nothing to the Fear.*

A C T

ACT IV.

SCENE, Sir Solomon's.

Enter Lady Sadlife, Atall, and Wishwell, with Lights.

L. Sad. **T**HIS Room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, Sir—*Wishwell*, shut the Door, and take the Key o'th' in-side, and set Chairs.

Wish. Yes, Madam.

L. Sad. Lard! Sir, what a strange Opinion you must have of me, for receiving your Visits upon so slender an Acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger Opinion, Madam, of your ordering your Servant to lock herself in with us.

L. Sad. O! you wou'd not have us wait upon ourselves?

At. Really, Madam, I can't conceive, that two Lovers alone have much occasion for Attendance. [*They sit.*]

L. Sad. Lovers! Lard! how you talk! Can't People converse without that Stuff!

At. Um!—yes, Madam, People may; but without a little of that Stuff, Conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

L. Sad. Pooh! why we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay! but if we shou'd talk ourselves up to an occasion of being without her, it wou'd look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without, when she was out.

L. Sad. You are pretty hard to please, I find, Sir; some Men, I believe, wou'd think themselves well us'd, in so free a Reception as your's.

At. Hah! I see this is like to come to nothing this time; so I'll ev'n put her out of humour, that I may get off in time to my *Incognita*. (*Aside*) Really, Madam, I can never think myself free, where my Hands and my Tongue are ty'd. [*Pointing to Wishwell.*]

L. Sad.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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L. Sad. Your Conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, Sir.

At. With Submission, Madam, I think it very proper for the Place we are in. If you had sent for me, only to sip Tea, to sit still and be civil, with my Hat under my Arm, like a strange Relation from *Ireland*, or so; why was I brought hither with so much Caution and Privacy?

L. Sad. Suppose I had a favourable Thought of you; does that give you a Title to treat me, as if it was not in my Power to refuse you anything.

At. Come, Madam, I'll be plain with you:—I wou'd not have you think me ignorant of all the tenderest Forms that ought to approach a Lady's Favours; but when a Woman breaks the seeming Promise of her Eyes, with me she loses all pretence to 'em. (Your Woman's being with us, is ridiculous;) I had a Lover's honest Reason, to expect you here alone; but she that thinks to make me dance Attendance to her Pride, to sit at a distance, and tamely talk myself to a submissive Flame for her, while she, with Eyes insensible, receives it, and ev'n swells her sated Vanity, to a despising of her easy Conquest, before she enjoys it; let me tell you, Madam, in very concise Terms, that Woman——is most consumedly mistaken.

L. Sad. You have a very a odd way of treating People; you Men are the strangest Creatures! Is there no such thing as Patience in your Composition?

At. O! yes, Madam, abundance; for, if you please but to order *Mademoiselle* to get the Tea ready, to boil it a great while, and stay 'till 'tis done, you shall find, I can yet change the Air of my Approaches.

L. Sad. I don't know how to make her do any such thing, not I, Lard! She knows, I have had Tea just now.

At. I have not; and so your humble Servant, Madam.

L. Sad. Hold!

At. Really, Madam, my Stomach won't stay; and, if your Ladyship's Tea is not ready, I must beg Leave to take a Dish at the Coffee-house. [*As he is going, Sir*

Solomon knocks at the door.

Wish. O Heavens! my Master, Madam.

Sir Sol. Open the Door there, (within.)

C

L. Sad.

L. Sad. What shall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm sure,

L. Sad. Open the Door, and say, the Gentleman came to you.

Wish. O lud! Madam. I shall never be able to manage it at so short a warning.—We had better shut the Gentleman into the Closet and say he came to no body at all.

L. Sad. In! in then, for Mercy's sake, quickly, Sir.

At. Soh! this is like to be a very pretty business! Oh! Success! and Impudence! thou hast quite forsaken me.

[*Enters the Closer.*

Wish. Do you step into your Bed-Chamber, Madam, and leave my Master to me. [*Exit Lady Sadlife. Wish. opens the Door, &c.*

Enter Sir Solomon.

Sir Sol. What's the Reason, Mistress, I am to be lock'd out of my Wife's Apartment?

Wish. Sir, my Lady was washing her—her—Neck, Sir, and I cou'd not come any sooner.

Sir Sol. I am sure I heard a Man's Voice. (*Aside*) Bid your Lady come hither.—He must be hereabouts; 'tis so! all's out, all's over now: The Devil has done his worst, and I am a Cuckold in spite of my Wisdom. 'Zbud! now an *Italian* wou'd poison his Wife for this; a *Spaniard* wou'd stab her, and a *Turk* wou'd cut off her Head with his Scimitar; but a poor Dog of an *English* Cuckold now, can only squabble, and call Names.—Hold! here she comes. I must smother my Jealousy, that her Guilt mayn't be upon its guard. [*Enter Lady Sadlife and Wishwell.*

Sir Sol. My Dear! how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

L. Sad. I did not expect you home so soon, my Dear.

Sir Sol. Poor Rogue—I don't believe you did—with a Pox to you. (*Aside.*) *Wishwell*, go down, I have business with your Lady.

Wish. Yes, Sir,—but I'll watch you: for I am afraid this good Humour has mischief at the bottom of it.—[*Retires.*

L. Sad. I scarce know whether he's jealous, or not.

Sir Sol. Now, dare not I go near that Closet-door, lest the martherous Dog shou'd poke a hole in my Guts thro' the

the Key-hole.—Um—I have an odd Thought in my Head—ay! and that will discover the whole bottom of her Affair.—'Tis better to seem not to know one's Dishonour, when one has not Courage enough to revenge it.

L. Sad. I don't like his Looks, methinks.

Sir Sol. Odso! what have I forgot now—Prithee, my Dear, step into my Study, (for I am so weary!) and in the uppermost Parcel of Letters, you'll find one that I receiv'd from *Torkshire* to day, in the Scrutoire; bring it down, and some Paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

L. Sad. If you please to lend me your Key—but had not you better write in your Study, my Dear?

Sir Sol. No! no! I tell you, I am so tir'd, I am not able to walk——There! make haste.

L. Sad. Wou'd all were well over. [*Exit Lady Sadlife.*]

Sir Sol. 'Tis so! by her Eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a Man of Honour in this Business, I'll at least act like a Person of Prudence, and Penetration: For say, I shou'd clap a Brace of Slugs now into the very Bowels of this Rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me;—no, I'll ev'n put out the Candles, and in a soft, gentle, Whore's Voice, desire the Gentleman to walk about his Business; and if I can get him out before my Wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the Cheat, 'till I draw her into some casual Confession of the Fact; and then this injur'd Front shall bounce upon her, like a Thunderbolt.

[*Puts out the Candles.*]

Wish. (*Behind.*) Say you so, Sir, I'll take care my Lady shall be provided for you. [*Exit.*]

Sir Sol. Hilt! Hilt! Sir! Sir!

Enter Atall from the Closet.

At. Is all clear? may I venture, Madam?

Sir Sol. Ay! ay! quick! quick! make haste before Sir *Salomon* returns; a strait-back'd Dog, I warrant him. (*Aside.*) But when shall I see you again?

At. Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an Opportunity.

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Sir Sol. Ha! then 'tis possible he mayn't yet have put the finishing Stroke to me.

At. Is this the Door?

Sir Sol. Ay! ay! away! (*Exit.*) Soh! now the danger of being murther'd is over; I find my Courage returns: And if I catch my Wife but inclining to be no better than she shou'd be, I'm not sure that Blood won't be the consequence.

[*He goes into the Closet, and Wishwell enters.*]

Wish. Soh! my Lady has her Cue; and if my wife Master can give her no better Proofs of his Penetration than this, she'd be a greater Fool than he, if she shou'd not do what she has a mind to. Sir! Sir! Come! you may come out now, Sir Solomon's gone.

[*Enter Sir Solomon from the Closet.*]

Sir Sol. So! now for a soft Speech, to set her impudent Blood in a Ferment, and then let it out with my Penknife. (*Aside.*) Come, dear Creature, now let's make the kindest use of our Opportunity.

Wish. Not for the World! if Sir Solomon shou'd come again, I shou'd be ruin'd——Pray be gone—I'll send to you to morrow.

Sir Sol. Nay, now you love me not——You wou'd not let me part else thus unsatisfied.

Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I shou'd not run such Hazards for you.

Sir Sol. Fond Whore! (*Aside.*) But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your Tenderness for him.

Wish. O ridiculous! How can so sad a Wretch give you the least uneasy Thought! I loath the very sight of him.

Sir Sol. Damn'd internal Strumpet—I can bear no longer——Lights! Lights! within there.

[*Seizes her*]

Wish. Ah! (*Shrieks.*) Who's this, help! Murther!

Sir Sol. No, Traytress, don't think to 'scape me; for now I've trapt thee in thy Guilt, I cou'd find in my heart to have thee flea'd alive, thy Skin stuff'd, and hung up in the middle of Guild-Hall, as a terrible Consequence of Cuckoldom to the whole City——Lights there!

[*Enter Lady Sadlife with a Light.*]

L. Sad. O Heavens! What's the matter! (*Sir Solomon looks astonish'd*) Ha! what do I see! my Servant on the Floor, and *Sir Solomon* offering Rudeness to her! Oh! I can't bear it! oh! [*Falls into a Chair.*]

Sir Sol. What has the Devil been doing here?

L. Sad. This the Reward of all my Virtue! O Revenge! Revenge!

Sir Sol. My Dear! my good, virtuous, injur'd Dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked doings——

L. Sad. O Torture! do you own it too! 'tis well my Love protects you—but for this Wretch! this Monster! this Sword shall do me Justice on her. [*Runs at Wish.*
with Sir Solomon's Sword.]

Sir Sol. O hold! my poor mistaken Dear!——This horrid Jade (the Gods can tell) is innocent for me; but she had, it seems, a strong Dog in the Closet here; which I suspecting, put myself into his place, and had almost trapt her in the very impudence of her Iniquity.

L. Sad. How!——I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his Jealousy of me—— [*Aside.*]

Wish. (*Kneeling.*) Dear Madam, I hope your Ladyship will pardon the Liberty I took in your Absence, in bringing my Lover into your Ladyship's Chamber; but I did not think you wou'd come home from Prayers so soon, and so I was forc'd to hide him in that Closet; but my Master, suspecting the Business it seems, turn'd him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether there was any harm between us, and so because he fancy'd I had been naught with him——

Sir Sol. Ay, my Dear, and the Jade was so confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all Patience, and fell upon her like a Fury.

L. Sad. Horrid Creature, and does she think to stay a Minute in the Family after so much Impudence!

Sir Sol. Hold, my Dear——for if this shou'd be the Man that is to marry her——ye know there may be no harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it was he indeed, Madam.

Sir Sol. (*Aside*) I must not let the Jade be turn'd away for fear she shou'd put it in my Wife's Head, that I hid myself

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self to discover her Ladyship, and then the Devil not be able to live in the House with her.

Wish. Now, Sir, you know, what I can tell of you.

[*Aside to Sir Sol.*

Sir Sol. Mum! it's a good Girl! there's a Guinea for you.

[*Aside.*

L. Sad. Well, upon your Intercession, my Dear, I'll pardon her this Fault: But pray, Mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so do disorder'd with this Fright—fetch my Prayer-Book, I'll endeavour to compose myself.

[*Exit Lady Sadlife.*

Sir Sol. Ay, do so! that's my good Dear—What two blessed Escapes have I had! to find myself no Cuckold at last, and (which had been equally terrible) my Wife not know I wrongfully suspected her—well! at length I am fully convinc'd of her Virtue—and now if I can but cut off the abominable Expence, that attends some of her impertinent Acquaintance, I shall shew myself a *Machiavel*.

Re-enter Wishwell.

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady *Dainty* come to wait upon my Lady.

Sir Sol. I'm sorry for't with all my Heart—why did you say she was within.

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was; but she's never deny'd to her.

Sir Sol. Gad so! why then if you please to leave her Ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

Wishwell brings in Lady Dainty.

L. D. *Sir Solomon*, your very humble Servant.

Sir Sol. O yours, yours, Madam.

L. D. Where's my Lady?

Sir Sol. Where your Ladyship very seldom is—at Prayers.

L. D. Huh! huh! you keep your old Humour still I see, of endeavouring to speak home Truths; but I think you commonly guess wrong: For you must know, that I have bought me the prettiest Atlas Cushions with Gold Tassels on purpose to kneel upon.

Sir Sol. Not unlikely, Madam; you fine Ladies have a great many fine things, that you never use—for I don't remember

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remember I have seen you, or your Cushions at Church these three Weeks.

L. D. Never miss, never miss, if I am in any sort of condition to, hah, hah, endure the Air: Tho' indeed a Sunday is very apt to give one the Spleen, or the Vapours—but if I am not there myself, I constantly send my Woman to see how the Fashions alter.

Sir Sol. I cry your Mercy, Madam, I did not know that that was your Mode-Market Day before.

L. D. Sir, the greatest Distinction of People of Quality is, that they make every thing easy to 'em.

Sir Sol. Yes, yes, being in the Mode I see, will let one into notable Privileges.

Enter Lady Sadise.

L. Sad. My dear Lady Dainty!

L. D. Dear Madam, I am the happiest Person alive in finding your Ladyship at home.

Sir Sol. So! Now for a Torrent of Impertinence.

L. Sad. Your Ladyship does me a great deal of Honour.

L. D. I am sure I do myself a great deal of Pleasure: I have made at least twenty Visits to day, and not above five of 'em were at home; and meeting with a reasonable Creature at last, is like the pleasure of unlacing, after being squeez'd up in a strait pair of Stays at a Birthday.

L. Sad. Some Visits are indeed strangely fatiguing.

L. D. O! I'm quite dead! not but my Coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual Motion—you know—

Sir Sol. Ah, Pox of your Disorder—if I had the providing your Equipage, ods zooks you shou'd rumble to your Visits in a Wheelbarrow. [*Aside.*]

L. Sad. Was you at my Lady Duchesses?

L. D. A little while.

L. Sad. Had she a great Circle?

L. D. Extreme—I was not able to bear the Breath of so much Company.

L. Sad. Pray who had you?

L. D. Every body——my Lady Toilet, Lady Patchit, Mrs. Peepers, Lady Whitewash, Mrs. Laiton, Lady Steinkirk, both the Mistress Favourites, Lady Jumps, and the Duchess of Falbala.

L. Sad. You did not dine there?

L. D. Oh! I can't touch any Body's Dinner but my own—and I have almost kill'd myself this Week for want of my usual Glas of *Toccy* after my *Ortolans*, and *Muscovy Duck-Eggs*.

Sir Sol. Zbud, if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you in a Fortnight to Neck-Beef, and a Pot of plain Bub.

L. D. Then I have been so surfeited with the Sight of a hideous City Entertainment to Day at my Lady *Cormorant's*, who knows no other Happiness, or way of making one welcome, than eating, or drinking; I was ready to swoon at the sight of her Table, being just come out of the fresh Air.

L. Sad. Pray how was it fill'd, Madam?

L. D. At the upper end sat her Ladyship, and at each Elbow a Daughter, with Arms like Plowmen, freckled like Turkey Eggs, and Cheeks like Catherine Pears—they were enough to beat one down with the coarse Pores of their Skin! huh! huh!

L. Sad. O! frightful!——but pray go on.

Sir Sol. In my Conscience, their daily Conversation is made up of nothing but impudent fleering at honest People, that don't know as many ways of being foppishly vicious, as themselves. [*Aside.*]

L. D. At the lower end was an unlick'd thing, she call'd Son—I suppose by her first Venture, that sat all the while with his Mouth gaping wide, not having from Nature, Wit enough to fetch his Breath through his Nose.

L. Sad. Ha! ha!

L. D. The Table, or rather Larder, was fill'd with Hams, Roasted Pullets, and Turkey Pies, with a great *Cheshire* Cheese in the middle, that rival'd every one in Bulk but her Ladyship; and a large Tankard of strong Beer Nutmeg and Sugar, enough to fuddle a Grand-Jury, or carry an Interest at an Election.

L. Sad. A true *English* homebred Family.

L. D. In every Circumstance: For tho' she saw I was just fainting at her vast Limbs of Butchers Meat—yet the civil Savage forc'd me to sit down, and heap'd enough upon my Plate to victual a Fleet for an *East India* Voyage.

L. Sad. How cou'd you bear it? Ha! ha!

Sir Sol.

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Sir Sol. Zbud! I han't Patience——Pray, Madam, is it among the Rules of your this End of the Town Breeding, to laugh at your Friends for making you heartily welcome?

L. D. Sir Solomon! 'tis impossible to see the Titles of Quality join'd with such Mob Dispositions, without easing one's Spleen a little: and nothing distinguishes the Commons so much as their gross Feeding: I never knew a *Plebeian*, that had not an odious vast Stomach——huh! huh!

Sir Sol. Your Ladyship knows the Elegance of Life.

L. Sad. Does your Ladyship never go to the Play?

L. D. Never, but when I bespeak it my self, and then not to mind the Actors; for it's common to love Sights: My great diversion is in a repos'd Posture, to turn my Eyes upon the Galleries, and bless my self to hear the happy Savages laugh——or when an awkward Citizen crowds herself in among us——'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to contemplate her Airs and Dress.——And they never 'scape me——for I am as apprehensive of such a Creature's coming near me, as some People are when a Cat is in the Room——but the Play is begun I believe, and if your Ladyship has an Inclination I'll wait upon you.

L. Sad. I think, Madam, we can't do better, and here comes Mr. *Careless*, most opportunely to 'Squire us——

Sir Sol. *Careless*! I don't know him, but my Wife does, and that's as well!

Enter Careless.

Car. Ladies, your Servant——seeing your Coach at the Door, Madam, made me not able to resist this Opportunity to——to——you know, Madam, there's no time to be lost in Love. Sir Solomon, your Servant.

Sir Sol. O yours! yours Sir! A very impudent Fellow, and I'm in hopes will marry her. [Aside.

L. D. The Assurance of this Creature almost grows diverting; all one can do can't make him the least sensible of a Discouragement.

L. Sad. Try what Compliance will do, perhaps, that may fright him?

C 5

L. D. If

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L. D. If it were not too dear a Remedy—one would almost do any thing to get rid of his Company.

Car. Which you never will, Madam, 'till you marry me, depend upon't: Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir Sol. This Fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*]

L. D. There's no depending upon your Word, or else I might: for the last time I saw you, you told me then you wou'd trouble me no more.

Car. Ay, that's true, Madam, but to keep one's Word you know looks like a Tradesman.

Sir Sol. Impudent Rogue! but he'll have her. [*Aside.*]

Car. And is as much below a Gentleman, as paying one's Debts.

Sir Sol. If he is not hang'd first— [*Aside.*]

Car. Besides, Madam, I consider'd that my Absence might endanger your Constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but Love can save it, and so I wou'd e'en advise you to throw away your Juleps, your Cordials, and Slops, and take me all at once.

L. D. No, Sir, bitter Potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Car. Oh! to choose Madam, for if you stand making of Faces, and keeking against it, 'you'll but increase your Aversion, and delay the Cure. Come, come, you must be advis'd. [*Pressing her.*]

L. D. What mean you, Sir?

Car. To banish all your Ails, and be myself your univereal Medicine.

Sir Sol. Well said! he'll have her.

L. D. Impudent robust Man! I protest did not I know his Family, I shou'd think his Parents had not liv'd in Chairs and Coaches, but had us'd their Limbs all their Lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be perswaded Health is a great Blessing. [*Aside.*]

Car. My Limbs, Madam, were convey'd to me from before the use of Chairs and Coaches, and it might lessen the Dignity of my Ancestors, not to use them as they did.

L. D. Was

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L. D. Was ever such a rude Understanding? to value himself upon the Barbarism of his Fore-Fathers.—Indeed I have heard of Kings that were bred to the Plough, and I fancy you might descend from such a Race: for you court as if you were behind one—Huh! huh! huh! To treat a Woman of Quality like an Exchange Wench, and express your Passion with your Arms, unpolish't Man.

Car. I was willing, Madam, to take from the Vulgar, the only desirable thing among 'em, and shew you—how they live so healthy—for they have no other Remedy.

L. D. A very rough Medicine! huh! huh!

Car. To those that never took it, it may seem so—

L. D. Abandon'd Ravisher! Oh! [Struggling.]

Sir Sol. He has her. [Aside.]

L. D. Leave the Room, and see my Face no more.

Car. [Bows, and is going.]

L. D. And hark ye, Sir, no Bribes, no Mediations to my Woman.

Car. [Bows and Sighs.]

L. D. Thou Profligate! to Hug! to Clasp! to Embrace and throw your robust Arms about me like a Vulgar, and Indelicate! Oh! I faint with Apprehension of so gross an Address. [She Faints, and Car. catches her.]

Car. O my offended Fair!

L. D. Inhuman! Ravisher! Oh! [Car. carries her off.]

Sir Sol. He has her! She's undone! he has her.

[Exit after them.]

L. Sad. This is one of the most extraordinary Love Scenes I ever saw: I never cou'd find a Woman's Fantask wou'd run high enough to oppose her secret Inclination before: But I fancy by this time her Ladyship's Delicacy wou'd be glad to compound for a little of the Vulgar. [Exit.]

Enter Clarinda and Sylvia.

Clar. Well, Cousin, what do you think of your Gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, Madam, that wou'd be as proper a Question to ask you: For really I don't see any great Reason to alter my Opinion of him yet—

Clar. Now I could dash her at once, and shew it her under his own Hand, that his Name's *Standfast*, and that he'll be here in a Quarter of an Hour——but let her go on a little: [*Aside.*]

Syl. Pray, Cousin, have you any particular Reason to be so cheerful?

Clar. You'll pardon me, if I own a little of my Sex's Malice, my Dear. For a Woman that won't be convinc'd of the Infidelity of her Lover, when her Friend assures her of it from her own Knowledge, is to me the most unfortunate Figure in Nature! Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. I have two or three Lines in my Pocket, that wou'd strangely damp this Pertness; but I rather think it affected, and won't shew it till I am sure——[*Aside.*] Methinks, Cousin, we need not either of us give our selves any of these violent Airs: For I fancy the Gentleman's next Appearance will extreamly take down the Vanity of one of us.

Clar. Ha! ha! Ay! ay! That it will I'm positive.

Syl. You must certainly be deceiv'd into some secret Reason for your being so very positive.

Clar. Deceiv'd Madam! If I had no reason but what's writ in my Face, I fancy, with submission to your Ladyship's Beauty, that alone might justify my Confidence.

Syl. Your Face!——And have you really no better Security?

Clar. Better, Ha! ha! Yes, yes: I have a better, Madam, I have your Face——look but in the honest Glass, and tell me what I shou'd be afraid on? Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. No, Madam, I need not do that, I remember enough of my Face, to know it is not in any one Charm like yours——Thanks to indulgent Nature.

[*Lifting up her Hands and Eyes.*]

Clar. Really, Cousin, you have one Quality I envy you: For to be extravagantly vain, is certainly the first State of Happiness.

Syl. Really I think so too, and therefore won't deceive your Vanity, because 'twou'd be giving my Friend too barbarous a Mortification.

Clar. Well! we are strangely good natur'd: For let me die, Child, if I have not just the same Tenderness for you.

Syl.

Syl. Lard! what shall we do to requite one another?

Clar. I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any Service in my Power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of Countenance when the Colonel comes, I wou'd advise you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own Word for it, he will be here in three Minutes, as this may convince you. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Syl. What's here? a Letter from Colonel Standfast—really, Cousin, I have nothing to say to him—Mr. Freeman's the Person I'm concern'd for, and I expect to see him here in a Quarter of an Hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the same Person?

Syl. Not by their Hands or Style I can assure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Clar. Ha! The Hand is different indeed—I scarce know what to think: and yet I'm sure my Eyes were not deceiv'd.

Syl. Come, Cousin, let's be a little cooler, 'tis not impossible but we may have both laugh'd at one another to no purpose——for I am confident they are two Persons.

Clar. I can't tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of 'em.

Enter Atall as Col. Standfast.

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are Faith!) bid the Chariot set up, and call again about One or Two in the Morning——You see, Madam, what 'tis to give an impudent Fellow the least Encouragement: I'm resolv'd to make a Night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, Colonel, we shall have much ado to be good Company, for we are two Women to one Man you see, and if we shou'd both have a Fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling Work on't.

At. I warrant you we will pass our time like Gods: two Ladies to one Man; the prettiest set for Ombre in the Universe——Come! come! Cards! Cards! Cards! and Tea, that I insist upon.

Clar. Well,

Syl.

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Clar. Well, Sir, if my Cousin will make one, I won't baulk your good Humour. [*Turning Syl. to Face him.*]

At. Is the Lady your Relation, Madam—I beg the Honour to be known to her?

Clar. O Sir! that I'm sure she can't refuse you—Cousin, this is Col. Stanfast: [*Laughs Aside.*] I hope now she's convinc'd.

At. Your Pardon, Madam, if I am a little particular in my desire to be known to any of this Lady's Relations. [*Salute.*]

Syl. You'll certainly deserve mine, Sir, by being always particular to that Lady—

At. Oh! Madam, Tall! lall. [*Turns away and Sings.*]

Syl. This Assurance is beyond Example. [*Aside.*]

Clar. How do you do, Cousin?

Syl. Beyond bearing—but not incurable. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Now can't I find in my Heart to give him one angry Word for his Impudence to me this Morning, the Pleasure of seeing my Rival mortified, makes me strangely good natur'd.

At. [*Turning Familiarly to Clar.*] Upon my Soul you are provokingly handsome to day. Ay Gad! why is not it High Treason for any beautiful Woman to marry?

Clar. What, would you have us all lead Apes?

At. Not one of you, by all that's lovely—do you think we cou'd not find you better Employment? Death! what a Hand is here?—Gad! I shall grow foolish!

Clar. Stick to your Assurance, and you are in no Danger.

At. Why, then in Obedience to your Commands, prithe answer me sincerely one Question? How long do you really design to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why really I can't just set you a Time: but when you are a weary of your Service, come to me with a Six-Pence and Modesty, and I'll give you a Discharge.

At. Thou Insolent, provoking, handsome Tyrant.

Clar. Come! let me go—this is not a very civil way of entertaining my Cousin, methinks.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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At. I beg her Pardon indeed [*Bowing to Syl.*] But Lov-
ers you know, Madam, may plead a sort of excuse for
being singular when the favourite Fair's in Company—
But we were talking of Cards, Ladies.

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you wou'd excuse me, I am a little
unfit for Play at this time.

At. What a valuable Virtue is Assurance! Now am I
as intrepid as a Lawyer at the Bar. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Bless me! You are not well:

Syl. I shall be presently——Pray, Sir, give me
leave to ask you a Question?

At. So! Now it's a coming. [*Aside*] Freely, Madam.

Syl. Look on me well: Have you never seen my Face
before?

At. Upon my Word, Madam, I can't recollect that I
have.

Syl. I'm satisfied.

At. But pray, Madam, why may you ask?

Syl. I'm too much disorder'd now to tell you——But
if I'm not deceiv'd, I'm miserable. [*Weeps.*]

At. This is strange——How her Concern transports
me?

Clar. Her Fears have touch'd me, and half perswade
me to revenge 'em——Come, Cousin, be easie, I
see you are convinc'd he is the same, and now I'll prove
my self a Friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my Senses are con-
founded: Their Features are indeed the same; and yet
there's something in their Air, their Dress and Manner,
strangely different: But be it as it will, all Right to him
in presence I disclaim, and yield to you for ever.

At. O Charming! Joyful Grief. [*Aside.*]

Clar. No, Cousin, believe it, both our Senses cannot
be deceiv'd, he's individually the same: And since he
dares be base to you, he's miserable indeed, if flatter'd
with a distant Hope of me: I know his Person and his
Falshood both too well; and you shall see, will, as be-
comes your Friend, resent it.

At. What

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At. What means this strangeness Madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, Sir, and to use few Words, know then, this Lady and myself have born your faithless Insolence and Artifice too long: But that you may not think to impose on me, at least, I desire you wou'd leave the House, and from this moment never see me more.

At. Madam! What! what! is all this? Riddle me Riddle me Re,

For the Devil take me,

For ever from thee,

If I can divine what this Riddle can be!

Syl. Not mov'd, I'm more amaz'd.

At. Pray Madam, in the Name of common Sense, let me know in two Words, what the real meaning of your last terrible Speech was, and if I don't make you a plain, honest, reasonable Answer to it, be pleas'd the next Minute to blot my Name out of your Table-Book, never more to be enroll'd in the senseless Catalogue of those vain Coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your Favour.

Clar. This Insolence grows tedious: What End can you propose by this Assurance?

At. Hey day!

Syl. Hold, Cousin——one Moment's patience, I'll send this Minute again to Mr. *Freeman*, and if he does not immediately appear, the Dispute will need no farther Argument.

At. Mr. *Freeman*! who the Devil's he? what have I to do with him!

Syl. I'll soon inform you, Sir,

[Going, meets Withwell entering.]

With. Madam, here's a Footman mightily out of Breath, says he belongs to Mr. *Freeman*, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. *Freeman*! Pray bid him come in——what can this mean?

At. You'll see presently.

[Aside.]

Re-enters Withwell with Finder.

Clar. Ha!

Syl. Come hither, Friend, do you belong to Mr. *Freeman*?

Fin. Yes

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Fin. Yes, Madam, and my poor Master gives his humble Service to your Ladyship, and begs your Pardon for not waiting on you according to his Promise: which he would certainly have done, but for an unfortunate Accident.

Syl. What's the matter.

Fin. As he was coming out of his Lodgings to pay his Duty to you, Madam, a parcel of Fellows set upon him, and said they had a Warrant against him; and so, because the Rascals began to be saucy with him, and my Master knowing he did not owe a Shilling in the World, he drew to defend himself, and in the Scuffle, the bloody Villains ran one of their Swords quite through his Arm: but the best of the Jest was, Madam, that as soon as they got him into a House, and sent for a Surgeon, he prov'd to be the wrong Person, for their Warrant it seems was against a poor Scoundrel, that happens they say to be very like him, one Col. *Standfast*.

At. Say you so, Mr. Dog——if your Master had been here, I wou'd have given him as much.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

Fin. O Lord! Pray, Madam, save me——I did not speak a Word to the Gentleman.——O the Devil! this must be the Devil in the Likeness of my Master?

Clar. I'm startled?

Syl. Is this Gentleman so very like him, say you?

Fin. Like, Madam? ay, as one Box of the Ear is to another, only I think, Madam, my Master's Nose is a little little higher.

At. Now, Ladies, I presume the Riddle's solv'd, Hark you, where is your Master, Rascal?

Fin. Master Rascal! Sir, my Master's Name's *Freeman*, and I'm a Free-born *English* Man, and I must tell you, Sir, that I don't use to take such Arbitrary Socks of the Face from any Man that does not pay me Wages: And so my Master will tell you too, when he comes, Sir.

Syl. Will he be here then?

Fin. This Minute, Madam, he only stays to have his Wound drest,

At. I'm resolv'd I'll stay that Minute out, if he does not come 'till Midnight.

Fin. A

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Fin. A Pox of his Mettle——when his Hand's in, he makes no difference between Jest and Earnest I find—— If he does not pay me well for this, 'Egad he shall tell the next for himself. [*Aside.*] Has your Ladyship any Commands to my Master? Madam.

Syl. Yes, pray give him my humble Service, say I'm sorry for his Misfortune, and if he thinks 'twill do his Wound no harm, I beg by all means he may be brought hither immediately.

Fin. 'Sha! his Wound, Madam, I know he does not value it of a Rush; for he'll have the Devil and all of Actions against the Rogues, for false Imprisonment and smart Money——Ladies, I kiss your Hands——Sir I—— nothing at all—— [*Exit.*]

At. [*Aside.*] The Dog has done it rarely; for a Lie upon the stretch, I don't know a better Rascal in Europe.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! Now I'm sure I'm right —— is not your Name Col. *Standfast*, Sir?

At. Yes, Sir, what then?

Off. Then you are my Prisoner, Sir.——

At. Your Prisoner, who the Devil are you? a Bayliff? I don't owe a Shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, Sir, I have a Warrant against you for High Treason, and I must have you away this Minute.

At. Look you, Sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious Prosecution: You may venture to stay a Quarter of an Hour, I'm sure, I have some Business here 'till then, that concerns me nearer than my Life.——

Clar. Have but so much Patience, and I'll satisfy you for your Civility.

Off. I cou'd not stay a Quarter of an Hour, Madam, if you'd give me five hundred Pound.

Syl. Can't you take Bail, Sir?

Off. Bail! no! no!

Clar. Whither must he be carried?

Off. To my House, 'till he's examin'd before the Council.

Clar. Where is your House.

Off. Just

Off. Just by the Secretary's Office, every Body knows Mr. *Lockum* the Messenger——come, Sir.

At. I can't stir yet indeed, Sir.

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that Play——come in Gentlemen, away with him.

Enter Musqueteers and force him off.

Syl. This is the strangest Accident, I am extremely sorry for the Colonel's Misfortune, but I am as heartily glad he is not Mr. *Freeman*.

Clar. I'm afraid you will find him so——I shall never change my Opinion of him, till I see 'em Face to Face.

Syl. Well, Cousin, let 'em be two, or one, I'm resolv'd to stick to Mr. *Freeman*: For to tell you the Truth, this last Spark has too much of the confident Rake in him to please me, but there's a modest Sincerity in t'others Conversation that's irresistible.

Clar. For my part, I am almost tir'd with his Impertinence either way, and cou'd find in my Heart to trouble myself no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me, to have a Fellow outface my Senses.

Syl. Nay, they are strangely like, I own, but yet if you observe nicely, Mr. *Freeman*'s Features are more pale and pensive than the Colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. *Freeman* comes, I'll be closer in my Observation of him——in the mean time let me consider what I really propose by all this Bustle I make about him: suppose (which I can never believe) they shou'd prove two several Men at last, I don't find that I'm Fool enough to think of marrying either of 'em: Nor (whatever Airs I give myself) am I yet mad enough to do worse with 'em.——Well! since I don't design to come to a close Engagement myself then, why shou'd not I generously stand out of the way, and make room for one that wou'd? No, I can't do that neither.——I want, methinks, to convict him first of being one and the same Person, and then to have him convince my Cousin, that he likes me better than her,——ay, that wou'd do! and to confess my Infirmary, I still find, (tho' I don't care this for the Fellow) while she has the Assurance

surance to nourish the least hope of getting him from me, I shall never be heartily easy, 'till she's heartily mortify'd.

[Aside.]

Syl. You seem very much concern'd for the Colonel's Misfortune, Cousin.

Clar. His Misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see; for here he comes. *(Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.)*

Syl. Bless me!

At. I am sorry, Madam, I cou'd not be more punctual to your obliging Commands: But the Accident that prevented my coming sooner, will, I hope, now give me a pretence to a better welcome than my last; for now, Madam, *(to Cla.)* your Mistake's set right I presume, and I hope you won't expect Mr. Freeman to answer for all the miscarriages of Col. Stanafast.

Clar. Not in the least, Sir: The Colonel's able to answer for him'self I find! ha! ha! ha!

At. Was not my Servant with you, Madam? *(to Syl.)*

Syl. Yes, yes, Sir, he has told us all & I'll seem to believe any thing rather than not engage him from her. *(Aside.)* And I am sorry you have paid so dear for a proof of your Innocence: Had you come two Minutes sooner, you wou'd have been as much surpriz'd as we; for the Colonel, that strange Image of you, was here.

At. O dear Madam, why wou'd you part with him, when I had sent you word before, I wou'd be with you as soon as my Wound was dress'd.

Syl. 'Twas not in our power to keep him, Sir, for it seems the same Officer that mistook you for him, pursu'd him hither, and hurried him away to Prison.

At. I'd give the World methinks to see him: What say you, Madam, have you Curiosity enough to take Coach immediately and carry me to him?

Syl. You'll excuse me if I don't desire to bring you together; especially while the Smart of the Wound you receiv'd upon his Account is so fresh upon you, I wou'd not hazard you in a new Quarrel.

Clar. Lard! how happy the Creature is. *(Aside.)*

At. O fy! Madam, upon my Faith I have not the least Malice in the World to the Gentleman.

Clar.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Clar. Nor the Gentleman to you I dare swear, Sir, ha! ha! ha! For Assurance and Credulity.—I thank my Stars, I never saw a Couple better match't in my Life before! ha! ha! why won't you go to the Messenger's, Cousin, and prove me in the wrong, you'll see no danger of a new Quarrel take my word for't; for I'm strangely afraid, that the only way in Nature to bring this Gentleman and the Colonel Face to Face, is to hold him a Looking-Glass! ha! ha! ha!

At. I hope, Madam, you won't take it ill, if the Fury, of this Accusation shou'd not raise me to a desire of convincing you of my Innocence, while this Lady's satisfy'd of it, you'll pardon me, if I am not under the least degree of Concern about it.

Syl. And for me, Cousin, I shall make but few words with you, you may endeavour as much as you please, to amuse and confound me with Fears, Doubts, and Jealousies of Persons, but neither all the Truth or Artifice under Heaven, will be able to convince me, that this Gentleman, is not this Gentleman—and therefore unless you can prove him to be no body at all, I'd advise you to set your Heart at rest; for what I design, you'll find I shall come to a speedy Resolution in.

At. O generous Resolution!

Clar. Well, Madam, since you are so tenacious of your Conquest, I hope you'll give me the same Liberty; and not expect the next time you fall a crying at the Colonel's Gallantry to me, that my good Nature shou'd give you up my Pretensions to him. And for you, Sir,—I shall only tell you, this last Plot was not so closely laid, but that a Woman of a very slender Capacity, you'll find has Wit enough to discover it. [Exit *Clar.*]

At. So! she's gone to the Messenger's I suppose——but, poor Soul, her Intelligence there will be extremely small. (*Aside.*) Well, Madam, I hope at least your Scruples are over.

Syl. You can't blame me, Sir, if now we are alone, I own myself a little more surpriz'd at her Positiveness, than my Woman's Pride wou'd let me confess before her Face; and yet methinks there is a native Honesty in your Look,

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Look, that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my Heart.

At. O! for Pity still preserve that tender Thought, and save me from Despair.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Ha! *Freeman* again! is it possible?

At. How now, *Clerimont*, what are you surpriz'd at?

Cler. Why to see thee almost in two Places at one time, 'tis but this Minute I met the very Image of thee with the Mob about a Coach, in the Hands of a Messenger, whom I had the Curiosity to stop, and call to; and had no other Proof of his not being thee, but that the Spark wou'd not know me!

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceiv'd.

Cler. 'Twas certainly *Clarinda* I saw go out in a Chair just now——it must be she—the Circumstances are too strong for a Mistake. [*Aside.*]

Syl. Well, Sir, to ease you of your Fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To Atall.*]

Cler. What a Coxcomb have I made myself? to serve my Rival e'en with my own Mistress, but 'tis at least some ease to know him: All I have to hope is, that he does not know the Ass he has made of me——that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aside.*]

Enter Sylvia's Aunt.

Aunt. O my dear Niece, I'm glad I have found you: Your Father and I have been hunting you all the Town over.

Syl. My Father in Town?

Aunt. He waits below in the Coach for you: He must needs have you come away this Minute; and talks of having you married this very Night to the fine Gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft Compassion touch'd your Soul, give me a word of Comfort in this last Distress, to save me from the Horrors that surround me?

Syl. You see we are observ'd——but yet depend upon my Faith, as on my Life—in the mean time I'll use my utmost Power to avoid my Father's hasty Will: in two Hours

Hours you shall know my Fortune and my Family——
Now don't follow me, as you'd preserve my Friendship.
Come—Madam. *[Exit with Aunt.]*

At. Death! How this News alarms me? I never felt the Pains of Love before.

Cler. Now then to ease, or to revenge my Fears.—This sudden Change of your Countenance, Mr. *Atall*, looks as if you had a mind to banter your Friend into a Belief of your being really in Love with the Lady that just now left you.

At. Faith, *Clerimont*, I have too much Concern upon me at this time, to be capable of a Banter; or if I were, I don't see any use it wou'd be of in this Affair: But to deal at once sincerely with you: There's something in this Creature's Beauty, and soft Temper, that stirs my very Reason into a Tenderness, that all her glittering Sex before cou'd never raise me to.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touch'd, and I begin now only to fear *Clarinda's* Conduct——Well, Sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a Convert of you; and now in return to the little Services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your Affair with both these Ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a Favour of you——be still sincere, and we may still be Friends.

At. You surprize me—but use me, as you find me.

Cler. Have you no Acquaintance with a certain Lady, whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in Love with.

At. Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the Lady you are in Love with: But pray why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too: because I have strong Circumstances that convince me, 'tis one of those two you have been so busie about.

At. Not she you saw with me I hope!

Cler. No, I mean the other—but to clear the Doubt at once, is her Name *Clarinda*?

At. I own it is: But had I in the least been warn'd of your Pretences——

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you, and tho' you may have prevail'd even against her Honour, your Ignorance of my Passion for her, makes you stand at least excus'd to me.

At.

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At. No, by all the solemn Protestations Tongue can utter, her Honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: Nor had I ever an Opportunity that cou'd encourage the most distant Thought against it.

Cler. You own she has receiv'd your Gallantries at least!

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her Cousin about me: and if her beautiful Cousin, had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible I might have endeavour'd to push my Fortune with her: But since I now know your Heart, put my Friendship to a trial.

Cler. Only this,—if I shou'd be reduc'd to ask it of you, promise to confess your Imposture, and your Passion to her Cousin before her Face.

At. There's my Hand,——I'll do't to right my Friend and Mistress. But, dear *Clerimont*, you'll pardon me, if I leave you here: For my poor *Incognita's* Affairs at this time, are in a very critical Condition.

Cler. No Ceremony ——I release you——

At. Adieu.

[*Exit Atal.*]

Cler. Women! what crazy Vessels do we trust our Fortunes in?

Now will I reproach her, humble her into Shame; Despise, and leave her to her Vanities for ever.

Ha! she's here.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. I am more confounded now than ever——I scarce know what to think—the Messenger confesses the Colonel is still his Prisoner, but that his Orders are to give no Soul admittance to him—Ha! *Clerimont*! pray Heav'n he has not discover'd me!

Cler. You seem disorder'd, Madam,—some cruel Disappointment has I fear befallen you?

Clar. 'Tis so! I see by his Assurance—O Guilt! what Cowards dost thou make of us—But let him not insult too far.

[*Aside.*]

Cler. What, not a Word? are you conscious of any wrong you have done me, Madam, that you stand thus confounded at the Sight of me?

Clar. You have a very familiar way of expressing yourself, Sir.

Cler.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Cler. 'Twas my Opinion of your Virtue, Madam, that kept me humble: But now that's lost, methinks you shou'd expect to be treated as you are,——

Clar. What do you mean?

Cler. That two Lovers, and Reputation, are inconsistent.

Clar. What! has your Vanity then flatter'd you to suppose I have receiv'd you for one?

Cler. Oh! why truly, Madam, considering the Conversation that has pass'd between us, I do still insist, that I might pretend to the Post: But in Love as in War, a Man of Honour can't see another put over his Head, without laying down his Commission at least: For 'twere as infamous to serve you now, as 'twou'd have once been glorious.

Clar. 'Tis false! you never thought so——The Man that really loves, wou'd not dare to see the Faults you tax me with; much less, with such malicious Insolence to tell me of 'em.

Cler. Come! come! you know I lov'd you to a Folly, or you had never dar'd to use me thus.

Clar. The Man that scorns to stand a Woman's idle Trial of his Temper, gives better Proofs of discerning Malice than his Passion.

Cler. He that fears to upbraid a Woman for abandon'd Liberties, like your's, may, by his Silence, (whatever her Pretence is) encourage her to make a real use of 'em.

Clar. A good Nature wou'd at least impute the Fault rather to want of Judgment, than of Virtue: But I am glad I am so early warn'd against your Temper; had I ne'er try'd it, my trusting it too far, as once my Folly thought to do, might have made me miserable for ever.

Cler. Ha! how subtilly that soft Thought melts down my Anger: I dare not look on her. [Aside.]

Enter Withwell.

With. Madam, Sir Solomon desires to speak with you, he has just receiv'd a Letter out of *Yorkshire*, from the Gentleman's Father he says, that is propos'd to marry you.

Clar. Coming.

[Exit Withwell.]

Cler. You must not, shall not——cannot stir on this occasion.

D

Cler.

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Clar. I'll go by all the Injuries I have born from you
—— I'll do at least a Justice to my Fame, and wed the
grossest Fool alive, rather than not revenge me on the
faucy Jealousy that durst attain it.

Cler. Hear me but one Word.

Clar. Never, but for your greater Torment know—
you've lost a Heart that wounds itself for you. [*Exit.*]

Cler. O cruel Kindness! why so late confess'd? What
would not this Secret told in gentler Terms have wrought
me to! But 'tis the Sex's Nature to be vainly cruel.

*These kind Thoughts own'd in Spite, too plainly prove,
Revenge with them has sweeter Charms than Love.*



A C T

ACT V.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Clerimont and Careless.

Cler. **A**ND so you took the Opportunity of her fainting to carry her off: Pray how long did her Fit last?

Car. Why faith I so humour'd her Affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet: for I told her her Life was in Danger, and swore if she wou'd not let me send for a Parson to marry her before she dy'd, I'd that Minute send for a Shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same Coffin: But at the apprehension of so terrible a Thought, she pretended to be frighten'd into her right Senses again; and forbid me her Sight for ever——so that in short, my Impudence is almost exhausted, her Affectation is as unsumountable as another's real Virtue, and I must ev'n catch her that way, or die without her at last.

Cler. How do you mean?

Car. Why, if I find I can't impose upon her by Humility, which I'll try; I'll ev'n turn Rival to myself in a very fantastical Figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist, &c. You must know she has of late been flatter'd, that the *Muscovite* Prince *Alexander* is dying for her, tho' he never spoke to her in his Life,——

Cler. I understand you: So you'll first venture to pique her against you, and then let her marry you in another Person to be reveng'd of you.

Car. One of the two ways, I believe, I'm pretty sure to succeed.

Cler. Extravagant enough! Prithee, is Sir *Solomon* in the next Room?

Car. What, you want his Assistance, *Clarinda's* in her *Airs* again!

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Cler. Faith, *Careless*, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

Car. Come along then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Supple, and Capt. Strut.

Sup. If you please to walk in, Sir, my Master will wait upon you presently——Here he is——

Enter Sir Solomon.

Capt. Your Servant, Sir.

Sir Sol. Oh! yours, Sir. Have you any Commands for me?

Capt. Sir, I hear you are a Man of Honour, and understand a Sword.

Sir Sol. Sir, I know a little of the Law, and I believe that's as well.

Capt. But Men of Honour are above Law, Sir; and I have been once with you before, Sir, and I come now to tell you once for all, That if I don't marry your Niece, you must meet me behind *Mountague-House*.

Sir Sol. Meet you! For what, Sir?

Capt. With your Sword in Hand, Sir.

Sir Sol. By Gingo. Captain, but I won't——I don't like your Company so well.

Capt. Then, Sir, I'll post you for a Coward.

Sir Sol. Then, Sir, you'll post yourself for a Madman——For I'm a Citizen of *London*, have fin'd for *Adulterman*, and will fight with ne'er a beggarly Rake of you all.

Capt. Then I must tell you, Sir, you are a pitiful Putt, and have neither Honour nor Courage.

Sir Sol. And I must tell you, Sir, I have both; for I pay my Debts, and fear no Bailiff alive, Sir——which, I believe, is more than you can say, Most terrible Captain.

Capt. Look you, Sir, I'll spoil her Fortune, I'll follow her to the Church, and the Play-House; I'll knock every Man down that looks at her, and cut every Coxcomb's Throat that pretends to her.

Sir Sol. Sir, if you talk at this rate to me, I'll swear the Peace against you, and bind you to a strange Companion, your good Behaviour.

Enter

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Enter Clerimont.

Cler. What's the matter, Sir Solomon?

Sir Sol. Why here's an impertinent beggarly Fellow, swears he'll have my Niece, or cut my Throat.

Cler. How! Sir.

Capt. Sir, I am in Love with his Niece among the rest of the great Fortunes of the Town: Sir, I have follow'd her at a Distance this twelve Months, and have spent an Hundred Pound after her in fair Perriwigs, red Stockings, and Sword-Knots.

Cler. Did you ever speak to her, Sir?

Capt. No, Sir, but I have done all that's necessary or usual with Soldiers. I have toasted her, bow'd to her, walk'd with my Arms cross, and ogled her.

Cler. (*Looking nearly on him.*) Hum! Is not your Name *Strut*?

Capt. Ay, Sir, *Capt. Strut*, and as good a Family——

Cler. As ever was kick'd, Sirrah! was not you my Father's Footman at the Revolution? I'll cool your Love, Mr. Dog! [*Kicks him.*]

Sir Sol. By Gingo, Captain, I did not know you wou'd take a beating——There——now han't I Courage, Captain?

Capt. Sir, as I was your Father's Footman, I take these Blows; but as I am a Captain of the Militia——

Cler. You'll take 'em better I know—— [*Kicks him again.*]

Capt. Blood! Sir——don't think, Sir——Dammy, Sir, I shall expect Satisfaction. [*Exit.*]

Sir Sol. O Dear, Mr. Clerimont, I'm persuaded he'll fight yet.

Cler. Never apprehend it, Sir: I **vow** I did not know the Rogue, he was so alter'd.

Sir Sol. Really, Sir, my Niece and I are extremely oblig'd to you for this: And to show you I'm in earnest, if you like the Conditions I told you of, she's your's.

Cler. That indeed was my Buſineſs to you now, Sir, —and if you please—

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Sir Sol. Here's Company, come into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Dainty, Lady Sadlife, and Careless.

L. D. This rude boisterous Man has given me a thousand Disorders; the Cholick, the Spleen, the Palpitation of the Heart, and Convulsions all over—huh! huh!—I must send for the Doctor.

L. Sad. Come, come, Madam, ev'n pardon him, and let him be your Physician——do but observe his Penitence——so humble, he dares not speak to you.

Car. (*Folds his Arms, and sighs.*) Oh!

L. Sad. How can you hear him sigh so?

L. D. Nay, let him groan—for nothing but his Pangs can ease me.

Car. [*Kneels and presents her his drawn Sword; opening his Breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your Vengeance here.

L. D. No, I give thee Life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting Eyes may kill thee every Hour.

Car. Nay then, there's no Relief but—this——

[*Offering at his Sword, Lady Sadlife holds him.*]

L. Sad. Ah! for Mercies sake——barbarous Creature, how can you see him thus?

L. D. Why, I did not bid him kill himself: But do you really think he wou'd ha' don't.

L. Sad. Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

L. D. Strange Passion! But 'tis its Nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

L. Sad. Won't you speak to him?

L. D. No, but if your—is enough concern'd to be his Friend, you may tell him—not that it really is so—but you may say—you believe I pity him.

L. Sad. Sure Love was never more ridiculous on both sides!

Enter Wishwell.

Wish. Madam, here's a Page from Prince Alexander, desires to give a Letter into your Ladyship's own Hands.

L. D. Prince Alexander! what means my Heart, I come to him.

L. Sad.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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L. Sad. By no means, Madam, pray let him come in.

Car. Ha! Prince *Alexander*! nay then I've found out the secret of this Coldness, Madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, His Royal Highness Prince *Alexander*, my Master, has commanded me, on pain of Death, thus [*Kneeling*] to deliver this, The burning Secret of his Heart.

L. D. O Grace of Grandeur! Happy! Happy Climate! where such Respect, and high Distinctions are familiar.

[*Reads.*

Most Divine Lady,

The fiery Fate that's darted from the Cannon's Mouth, is not so sure, or sudden, as the subtle Lightning of your refulgent Eyes; [enchanting] Like Death, you level Princes with the Peasant: (irresistible) I beg the immediate Ease, and Honour of kissing your fair Hands in Person, that I may silence at once all saucy Rivals Hopes, and own the Passion of a Prince, whose Wounds are only worthy the Relief of such immortal Beauty.

Transcendent Glory! this is indeed a Conquest, worthy my Sex's highest Pride!

Car. So! she bites rarely.

L. Sad. She'll swallow all ne'er doubt it. [*Aside.*

L. D. Where is the Prince?

Page. Repos'd in private, on a mourning Pallar, 'till your Commands vouchsafe to raise him.

L. Sad. By all means receive him here immediately, I have the Honour to be a little known to His Highness?

L. D. The Favour, Madam, is too great to be resisted: Pray tell His Highness then, the Honour of the Visit he designs me, makes me thankful, and impatient! huh! huh!

[*Exit Page.*

Car. Are my Sufferings, Madam, so soon forgot then! was I but flatter'd with the Hope of Pity?

L. D. The Happy have whole Days, and those they chuse. [*Ex. resenting.*] The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose. [*Ex. repeating.*]

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L. Sad. Don't you lose a Minute then.

Car. I'll warrant you——ten thousand Thanks, dear Madam, I'll be transform'd in a second——

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Clarinda in Man's Habit.

Clar. Soh! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off, I can't tell, 'twas but a bare saving Game I made with *Clerimont*; his Resentment had brought my Pride to it's last Legs, dissembling: And if the poor Man had not lov'd me too well, I had made but a dismal humble Figure—I have us'd him ill, that's certain, and he may e'en thank himself for't——he wou'd be sincere, and saw I was sure of him——which was more than I cou'd say by my double-fac'd Colonel, whom consequently I was in fear of losing: Beside, I cou'd not bear to let another dress up her Vanity in any Lover of mine, tho' I did not design to wear him myself——Well, (begging my Sex's Pardon) we do make the silliest Tyrants——we had better be reasonable; for (do 'em right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good Sense of a Lover, at least, I'm reduc'd now to make the Experiment.——Here they come.

Enter Sir Solomon and Clerimont.

Sir Sol. What have we here! another Captain? if I were sure he were Coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks——is your Business with me, Sir?

Clar. If your Name be *Sir Solomon Sadlife*.

Sir Sol. Yes, Sir, it is, and I'll maintain it as antient as any, and related to most of the Families in *England*.

Clar. My Business will convince you, Sir, that I think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is your Business, Sir?

Clar. Why, Sir—you have a pretty Kinswoman, call'd *Clarinda*.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what then, Sir—such a Rogue as t'other.

Clar. Now, Sir, I have seen her, and am in Love with her.

Cler. Say you so, Sir!——I may chance to cure you of it.

[Aside.]

Clar.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Clar. And to back my Pretensions Sir, I have good fifteen hundred Pound a Year Estate, and am, as you see pretty Fellow into the Bargain.

Sir Sol. She that marries you, Sir, will have a choice Bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, Sir, I'll give you a thousand Guineas to make up the Match.

Sir Sol. Hum—— [*Aside.*] But, Sir, my Niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well.

[*Aside.*

Sir Sol. But if she were not, Sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a Smock Face and a Feather, Sir——and——and——let me see you an Hour hence.

[*Aside.*

Clar. Well said Uncle. [*Aside.*]——But, Sir, I'm in Love with her, and positively will have her.

Sir Sol. Whether she likes you or no, Sir?

Clar. Like me! ha! ha! I'd fain see a Woman, that dislikes a pretty Fellow with 1500*l.* a Year, a white Wig, and black Eye-brows.

Cler. Hark you, young Gentleman, there must go more than all this, to the gaining of that Laday——

[*Takes Clar. Aside.*

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] 1000 Guineas, that's 500 more than I propos'd to get of Mr. *Clerimont*——but my Honour is engag'd——Ay, but then here's a thousand Pound to release it——now shall I take the Money, it must be so——Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, Sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your Doubts, and Pretensions——Come, Sir, I'll try your Courage.

Cler. I am afraid you won't, young Gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, Sir, you shall find I scorn to turn my Back to any Man.——*Exit Clar. and Cler.*

Sir Sol. Ha! they are gone to fight—with all my Heart—a fair Chance at least for a better Bargain: For if the young Spark shou'd let the Air into my Friend *Clerimont's* Midriff, now it may possibly cool his Love too, and then there's my Honour safe, and 1000 Guineas——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter Lady Dainty and Lady Sadlife.

L. D. Don't you think the Prince long? But great Persons are distinguish'd by a peculiar slowness in their Motion.

L. Sad. Now am I surpriz'd at your curiosity; for I'm confident you won't like him when you see him.

L. D. I have seen him *en passant* from my Window, and if the distance did not deceive me, I thought there was something so agreeably Bizarre in his Appearance.

L. Sad. Extremely Bizarre indeed, for he has a fierce tawny Face, and odious Whiskers.

L. D. Which in some Countries are allowed the most distinguishing Marks of Beauty.

L. Sad. But your Ladyship, I know, allows no Beauty, without a certain delicacy and tenderness of Person.

L. D. Um———that's partly true; but the Idea I have conceiv'd of the Prince's Figure, has in some measure———remov'd that sickly weakness of my Taste.

L. Sad. I am glad to find your Ladyship a little reconcil'd to the useful Beauties of a Lover———but here comes the Prince.

Enter Careless as Prince Alexander.

L. D. Your Highness, Sir, has done me Honour in this Visit.

Car. Madam.———

[*Salutes her.*]

L. D. A captivating Person!

Car. May the Days be taken from my Life, and added to yours!———most Incomparable Beauty! whiter than the Snow, that lies the Year about unmelted on our *Russian* Mountains.

L. D. How manly his Expressions are———we are extremely oblig'd to the *Czar* for not taking your Highness home with him.

Car. He left me, Madam, to learn to be a Ship Carpenter.

L. Sad. A very Politick Accomplishment!

L. D. And in a Prince, intirely new.

Car. All his Nobles, Madam, are Masters of some useful Science, and most of our Arms are quarter'd with Mechanical Instruments, as Hatchets, Hammers, Pickaxes, and Handsaws.

L. D. I

L. D. I admire the manly Manners of your Court.

L. Sad. Oh! so infinitely beyond the soft Idleness of ours.

Car. 'Tis the Fashion, Ladies, for Eastern Princes, to profess some Trade or other——The last Grand Seignior was a Lock-Smith.——

L. D. How new his Conversation is?

Car. Too rude, I fear, Madam, for so tender a Composition, as your divine Ladyship's.

L. D. Courtly, to a Softness too.

Car. Were it possible, Madam, that so much delicacy cou'd endure the Martial Roughness of our Manners, and our Country, I cannot boast, but if a Province at your Feet, cou'd make you mine, that Province, and it's Master, shou'd be yours.

L. D. Ay! here's Grandeur, with address; an odious native Lover, now wou'd have complain'd of the Taxes perhaps, and have haggled with one for a scanty Jointure out of his horrid Lead Mines, in some uninhabitable Mountains, about an hundred and fourscore Miles, from unheard of *London*.

Car. I am inform'd, Madam, there is a certain poor distracted *English* Fellow, that refus'd to quit his saucy pretensions to your all-conquering Beauty, tho' he had heard I had myself, resolv'd to adore you. *Careless*, I think, they call him.

L. D. Your Highness wrongs your Merit, to give yourself the least concern for one so much below your Fear.

Car. When I first heard of him, I on the Instant order'd one of my Retinue to strike off his Head with a Scimitar; but they told me the free Laws of *England* allow'd of no such Power: So that tho' I'm a Prince of the Blood, Madam, I am oblig'd only to murder him privately.

L. D. 'Tis indeed a Reproach to the ill Breeding of our Constitution, not to admit your Power with your Person. But if the pain of my intire neglect can end him, pray be easie.

Car. Ma-

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Car. Madam, I am not revengeful, make him but miserable——I'm satisfied.

L. D. You may depend upon't.

Car. I'm in strange Favour with her.—[*Aside.*] Please you, Ladies, to make your fragrant Fingers familiar with this Box.

L. D. Sweet, or plain, Sir?

Car. Right *Mosco*, Madam, made of the Skulls of conquer'd Enemies.

L. Sad. Gun-Powder, as I live:

L. D. Every thing manly.

L. Sad. Will your Highness please to amuse yourself with a Dish of Tea?

Car. Excuse me, Madam, 'tis a Liquor I never heard of, and in my own Country I am fam'd for regularity in my Diet; even after a Meal, I never exceed a gentle pint Glafs of burnt Brandy or Geneva.

[*A noise of Dogs barking without.*]

L. D. Ah! What noise is that?

Car. Your Pardon, Madam, only a harmless Entertainment, after my own Country fashion, that I design'd myself the Honour of presenting your incomparable Ladyship.

L. Sad. I hope he'll bring in the Bears upon her.

[*Aside.*]

L. D. Pray, Sir, what is it?

Car. Madam, a set of *Russian* Ladies Lap-Dogs, that dance to admiration.

L. D. By all means admit 'em——I'm taken with the Humour. We have had something like 'em here in *England*, Sir: And all People of fashion grew strangely fond of 'em.

Car. They cou'd not be *English* then——I have seen all your *English* dancing——Madam, but I observ'd that's generally perform'd——by——sad Dogs——please you sir, Ladies.

A Dance to an odd Tune, imitating Mr. Pinkethman's famous dancing Dogs.

L. D. Infinitely new, and humorous——but this Room's exceeding hot——I'm fainting.

Car. Lea

The Sick Lady's Cure.

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Car. Let this Arm support you, Madam.

L. Sad. The next is cooler ; if your Highness pleases we'll withdraw?

Car. Madam, I am but the Needle to this Northern Star: I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

The S C E N E changes to the Field.

Enter Clarinda and Clerimont

Cler. Come, Sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the Lady were by, Sir, that the Conqueror might carry her off the Spot: I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking Hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a Rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, Sir, to fight for a Woman you don't value!

Clar. Sir, I value the Reputation of a Gentleman, and I don't think any young Fellow ought to pretend to it, 'till he has talk'd himself into a Lampoon, lost his two or three thousand Pound at Play, kept his Miss, and kill'd his Man.

Cler. Very gallant indeed, Sir, but if you please to handle your Sword, you'll the sooner go through your Course.

Clar. Come on, Sir—I believe I shall give your Mistress a truer account of your Heart, than you have done, I have had her Heart long enough, and now will have yours.

[*Endeavouring to draw.*]

Cler. Ha! does she love you then?

Clar. I leave you to judge that, Sir: But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long 'till I'm tir'd of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take

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Clar. Take this with you first,———*Clarinda* will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the Man that vindicates her Honour—therefore be quick, or I'll keep my Word———I find your Sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the Scabbard, so: I believe I did not wipe off the Blood of the last Man I fought with.

Cler. Come, Sir! this trifling sha'n't serve your turn; here, give me yours, and take mine:

Clar. With all my Heart, Sir,——Now have at you.

Cler. Death! you Villain, do you serve me so?

[*Cler. draws, and finds only a Hilt in his Hand.*

Clar. In Love, and War, Sir, all advantages are fair, so we conquer, no matter whether by Force or Stratagem: Come quick, Sir? Your Life or Mistress.

Cler. Neither.—Death! You shall have both or none: Here drive your Sword; for only through this Heart you reach *Clarinda*.

Clar. Death! Sir, can you be mad enough to die for a Woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater Madness then to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, Sir, she has us'd you basely, falsely, ill, and for no reason.

Cler. No matter; no Usage can be worse than the Contempt of poorly, tamely, parting with her.—She may abuse her Heart by happy Infidelities, but 'tis the Pride of mine to be ev'n miserably constant.

Clar. Generous Passion, you almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot if you wou'd———I wou'd indeed have won her fairly from you with my Sword, but scorn to take her as your Gift. Be quick, and end your Insolence.———

Clar. Yes, thus———most generous *Clerimont*———you now indeed have fairly vanquish'd me. [*Runs to him.*] My Woman's Follies, and my Shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha! *Clarinda*! is't possible! My Wonder rises with my Joy———How came you in this Habit?

Clar. Now

Clar. Now you indeed recall my Blushes, but I had no other Veil to hide 'em while I confess'd the Injuries I had done your Heart, in fooling with a Man I never meant, on any Terms, to engage with. Beside, I know from our late parting, your fear of losing me would reduce you to comply with Sir *Solomon's* demands for his Interest in your favour: Therefore, as you saw, I was resolv'd to ruin his Market by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the Offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously, and timely offer'd; for it really prevented my signing Articles to him: But if you would heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his Interest, ev'n let us steal to the next Priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly considering the Trusts I have made you, 'twould be ridiculous now (I think) to deny you any thing—and if you should grow weary of me after such Usage, I can't blame you——

Cler. Banish that Fear; my Flame can never waste,
For Love sincere refines upon the Taste.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Solomon, with old Mr. Willful; L. Sadlife, and Sylvia weeping.

Sir Sol. Troth, my old Friend, this is a bad Business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand Pound Bond, you say, to marry your Daughter to a fine Gentleman, and she in the mean time it seems, is fall'n in Love with a Stranger.

Will. Look you, *Sir Solomon*, it does not trouble me o'this: For I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But, Sir, your Daughter tells me, that the Gentleman she loves is in every degree in as good Circumstances as the Person you design her for: And if he does not prove himself so before to morrow Morning, she will cheerfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

Will. All Sham! all Sham! only to gain Time——
I expect my Friend and his Son here immediately, to demand performance of Articles; and if her Ladyship's
nice

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nice Stomach does not immediately comply with 'em, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But consider, Sir, what a perpetual Discord must a forc'd Marriage probably produce?

Will. Discord! Pshaw! waw! one Man makes as good a Husband as another. ——— A Month's Marriage will set all to rights, I warrant you. ——— You know the old saying, Sir *Solomon*, *Lying together makes Pigs love*. Discord, quotha! no, no! young Women are like Fiddles, if they are play'd upon they must make good Musick whether they will or no.

L. Sad. (*To Sylvia*) what shall we do for you, there's no altering him. ——— Did not your Lover promise to come to your Assistance?

Syl. I expect him every Minute ——— but can't foresee from him the least hope of my Redemption ——— This is he!

Enter Atall undisguiz'd.

At. My *Sylvia*! dry those tender Eyes, for while there's Life, there's Hope.

L. Sad. Ha! is't he? But I must smother my Confusion!

Will. How now, Sir! pray who gave you Commission to be so familiar with my Daughter?

At. Your pardon, Sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my Freedom or my Pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

Will. Why, Sir, what Pretensions have you to her?

At. Sir, I have sav'd her Life at the hazard of my own: That gave me a Pretence to know her, knowing her made me love, and Gratitude made her receive it.

Will. Ay, Sir, and some very good Reasons best known to myself, make me refuse it ——— Now, what will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, Sir ——— but if you'll do me the Favour to let me know those Reasons ———

Will. Sir, I don't think my self oblig'd to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, since you say you love my Daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest way to get her.

At.

At. Don't flatter me! I beg you, Sir.

Will. Not I, upon my Soul, Sir, for look you—— 'tis only this,——get my Consent, and you shall have her.

At. I beg your pardon, Sir, for endeavouring to talk Reason to you. But to return your Raillery, give me leave to tell you, when any Man marries her but myself, he must extreamly ask my Consent.

Will. Before *George*, thou art a very pretty impudent Fellow, and I am sorry I can't punish her Disobedience, by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of plague about this Business, Sir, for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my Pretensions to her.

Will. Hah! 'tis a thousand pities I can't comply with thee: Thou wilt certainly be a thriving Fellow; for thou dost really set the best Face upon a bad Cause that ever I saw since I was born.

At. Come, Sir——once more Raillery apart; suppose I prove my self of equal Birth and Fortune to deserve her.

Will. Sir, if you were eldest Son to the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or had the Dominions of the *Great Mogul* entail'd upon you and your Heirs for ever; it wou'd signify no more than the bite of my Thumb——The Girl's dispos'd of, I have match'd her already upon a Thousand Pound Forfeit, and faith she shall fairly run for't, tho' she's jerk'd, and flea'd from the Crest to the Crupper.

At. Confusion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Will. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my Sincerity.

At. My Father! Nay, then my Ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir Harry Atall.

Sir Har. [To *At.*] O sweet Sir, have I found you at last? Your very humble Servant: What's the reason pray, that you have had the Assurance to be almost a Fortnight in Town, and never come near me; especially when I sent you word I had Business of such Consequence with you.

At.

At. I understood your Business was to marry me, Sir, to a Woman I never saw; and to confess the Truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in Love with one you never saw.

Sir Har. Was you so, Sir——why then, Sir, I'll find a speedy Cure for your Passion——Brother *Will-full*——hey Fiddles there.

At. You may treat me, Sir, with what Severity you please: But my Engagements to that Lady are too powerful and fixt, to let the utmost Misery dissolve 'em.

Sir Har. What does the Fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die, than part with her.

Will. Hey!——why is this your Son, *Sir Harry*?

Sir Har. Hey day! why did not you know that before?

At. O Earth! and all you Stars! is this the Lady you design'd me, Sir?

Syl. O Fortune! is it possible?

Sir Har. And is this the Lady, Sir, you have been making such a Bustle about?

At. Not Life, Health or Happiness, are half so dear to me.

Sir Sol. [*Joyning At. and Sylvia's Hands—*] loll! loll, leroll!

At. O transporting Joy! [*Embracing Sylvia.*]

Sir Har. } [*Joyning in the Tune, and dancing about 'em*]
and }
Will. } loll! loll!

Sir Sol. Hey! within there! [*calls the Fiddles*] by Jingo we'll make a Night on't.

Enter Clarinda and Clerimont.

Clar. Save you! save you, good People! I am glad, Uncle, to hear you call so cheerfully for the Fiddles, it looks as if you had a Husband ready for me.

Sir Sol. Why, that I may have by to Morrow-Night, Madam; but in the mean time, if you please, you may wish your Friends Joy.

Clar. Dear *Sylvia*!

Syl. *Clarinda*!

At. O *Clerimont*, such a Deliverance!

Cler. Give you Joy, Joy, Sir.

Clar.

Clar. I congratulate your Happiness——and am pleas'd our little Jealousies are over: Mr. *Clerimont* has told me all, and cur'd me of Curiosity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll see presently! But, Sir *Solomon*, what do you mean by to Morrow! why do you fancy I have any more Patience than the rest of my Neighbours?

Sir Sol. Why truly, Madam, I don't suppose you have, but I believe to Morrow will be as soon as their Business can be done, by which time I expect a jolly Fox-hunter from *Yorkshire*, and if you are resolved not to have Patience 'till next day, why the same Parson may Toss you up all Four in a Dish together.

Clar. A filthy Fox-hunter?

Sir Sol. Ods zooks! a mettled Fellow, that will Ride you from Day-break to Sun-set! None of our flimsy *London* Rascals, that must have a Chair to carry 'em to their Coach, and a Coach to carry 'em to a Trapes, and a Constable to carry both to the Round-house.

Clar. Ay, but this Fox-hunter, Sir *Solomon*, will come home dirty and tir'd as one of his Hounds, he'll be always asleep before he's a-Bed, and on Horseback before he's awake; he must rise early to follow his Sport, and I sit up late at Cards, for want of better Diversion——Put this together, my wise Uncle.

Sir Sol. Are you so high fed, Madam, that a Country Gentleman of 1500*l.* a Year won't go down with you.

Clar. Not so, Sir, but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forc't to provide for my self, and here stands the Fox-hunter for my Money. [*Claps Cler. on the shoulder.*]

Sir Sol. How!

Cler. E'vn so, Sir *Solomon*——hark in your Ear, Sir! you really held your Consent at so high a Price, that to give you a Proof of my good Husbandry, I was resolved to save Charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir Sol. Hell! and——

Clar. And hark you in t'other Ear, Sir——because I wou'd not have you expose your reverend Age by a Mistake

flake———know, Sir, I was the young Spark with the smooth Face and a Feather, that offer'd you a thousand Guineas for your Consent, which you wou'd have been glad to have taken.

Sir *Sol.* The Devil! if ever I traffick in Woman's Flesh again, may all the Bank-Stocks fall when I have bought 'em, and rise when I have sold 'em——Hey day! what have we here, more Cheats!

Cler. Not unlikely, Sir———for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady Dainty and Careless.

L. Sad. That they are I can assure you——I give your Highness Joy, Madam.

L. D. Lard! that People of any Rank should use such vulgar Salutations———Tho' methinks Highness has something of Grandeur in the sound.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Musick's come.

L. Sad. Let 'em play.

L. D. Well! there's nothing shews so visibly, the remaining Footsteps of our Primitive Barbarity, as our odious Noise at Weddings! huh! huh!

Car. It serves, Madam, to recommend the Pleasures that succeed, and makes us taste the Joys of Silence with a higher relish.

L. D. But so much Dancing and Tumult, is so like the Mob Solemnities of a *May-Day*——huh! huh! and the poor Bride is us'd just like their Pole, for all the Town to dance round her.

L. Sad. Ah! but there's yet a grosser part of the Ceremony to come, Madam, and that is Throwing the Stocking.

L. D. That, indeed, is a thing that insults us so near, that I wonder the Men have not thought it their Interest to lay it down. ——But I was in hopes, good People, that confident Fellow, *Careless*, had been among you.

Car. What say you, Madam, (to divert the good Company) shall we send for him, by way of Mortification.

L. D.

The Sick Lady's Cure.

89

L. D. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full Despair.

Car. Why then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine Lady of her sickly Taste, than a Lover of his Impudence.—There's *Careless* for you, without the least Tincture of Despair about him. [*Discovers himself.*]

All. Ha! *Careless*!

L. D. Abus'd! undone!

All. Ha! ha!

Cler. Nay, now, Madam, we wish you a superior Joy; for you have marry'd a Man instead of a Monster.

Car. Come! come, Madam, since you find you were in the Power of such a Cheat—you may be glad it was no greater, you might have fallen into a Rascal's Hands: But you know I am a Gentleman, my Fortune no small one, and if your Temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

L. Sad. Come! e'en make the best of your Fortune: For take my word, if the Cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I wou'd never had a hand in't—you must Pardon me if I can't help laughing.

L. D. Well! since it must be so, I pardon all: Only one thing let me beg of you, Sir—that is, your Promise to wear this Habit one Month for my Satisfaction.

Car. O, Madam! that's a Trifle! I'll lie in the Sun a whole Summer for an Olive Complexion, to oblige you.

Will. Ods zooks here's a great deal of good Company, ho! and it's a shame the Fiddles should be idle all this while.

Car. Oh! by no means! come, strike up, Gentlemen.

They dance.

L. D. Well, Mr. *Careless*, I begin now to think better of my Fortune, and look back with Apprehension of the Escape I have had: You have already cur'd my Folly, and were my but Health recoverable, I shou'd think my self compleatly happy.

Car.

90 *The* DOUBLE GALLANT: &c.

Car. For that, Madam, we'll venture to save your
Doctor's Fees,

*And trust to Nature: Time will soon discover,
Your best Physician was a favour'd Lover.*



THE

THE EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs! I know not how the Play may pass,
 But, in my humble Sense,——our Bard's an *Ass*;
 For, had he ever known the least of Nature,
 H'had found his Double Spark a dismal Creature:
 To please two Ladies, he two Forms puts on,
 As if the Thing in Shadows cou'd be done;
 The Women really Two, and He (poor Soul!) but One.
 Had he revers'd the Hint, h'had done the Feat,
 Had made th' Imposture credibly complete;
 A single Mistress——might have stood the Cheat.
 She might to several Lovers have been kind,
 Nor strain'd your Faith, to think both pleas'd and blind:
 Plain Sense had known, the Fair can Love receive,
 With half the Pains your warmest Vows can give.

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But, hold!——I'm thinking I mistake the Matter,
 On second Thoughts:——The Hint's but honest Satire;
 And only meant t' expose their Modish Sense,
 Who think the Fire of Love's——but Impudence.
 Our Spark was really Modest;——When he found
 Two Female Claims at once, he One disown'd;
 Wisely presuming, tho' in ne'er such haste,
 One wou'd be found enough for him, at least.
 So that to sum the Whole,——I think the Play
 Deserves the usual Favours on his Day;
 If not, he swears, he'll write the next to Musick,
 In Doggerel Rhimes wou'd make or Him, or You, sick:
 His Groveling Sense, Italian Air shall crown,
 And then, he's sure, ev'n Nonsense will go down.
 But, if you'd have the World suppose the Stage
 Not quite forsaken in this Airy Age,
 Let your glad Votes our needless Fear confound,
 And speak in Claps as loud for Sense, as Sound.

F I N I S.

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